THE BYSTANDER
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OCTOBER 23, 1934

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# The BYSTANDER

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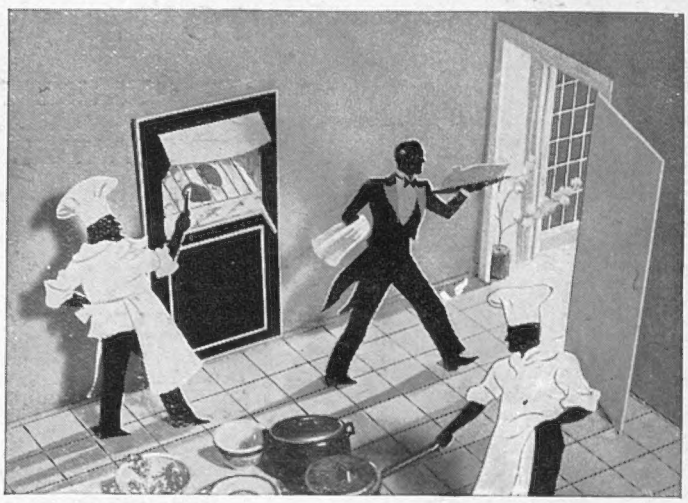

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The Bystander, October 23, 1934

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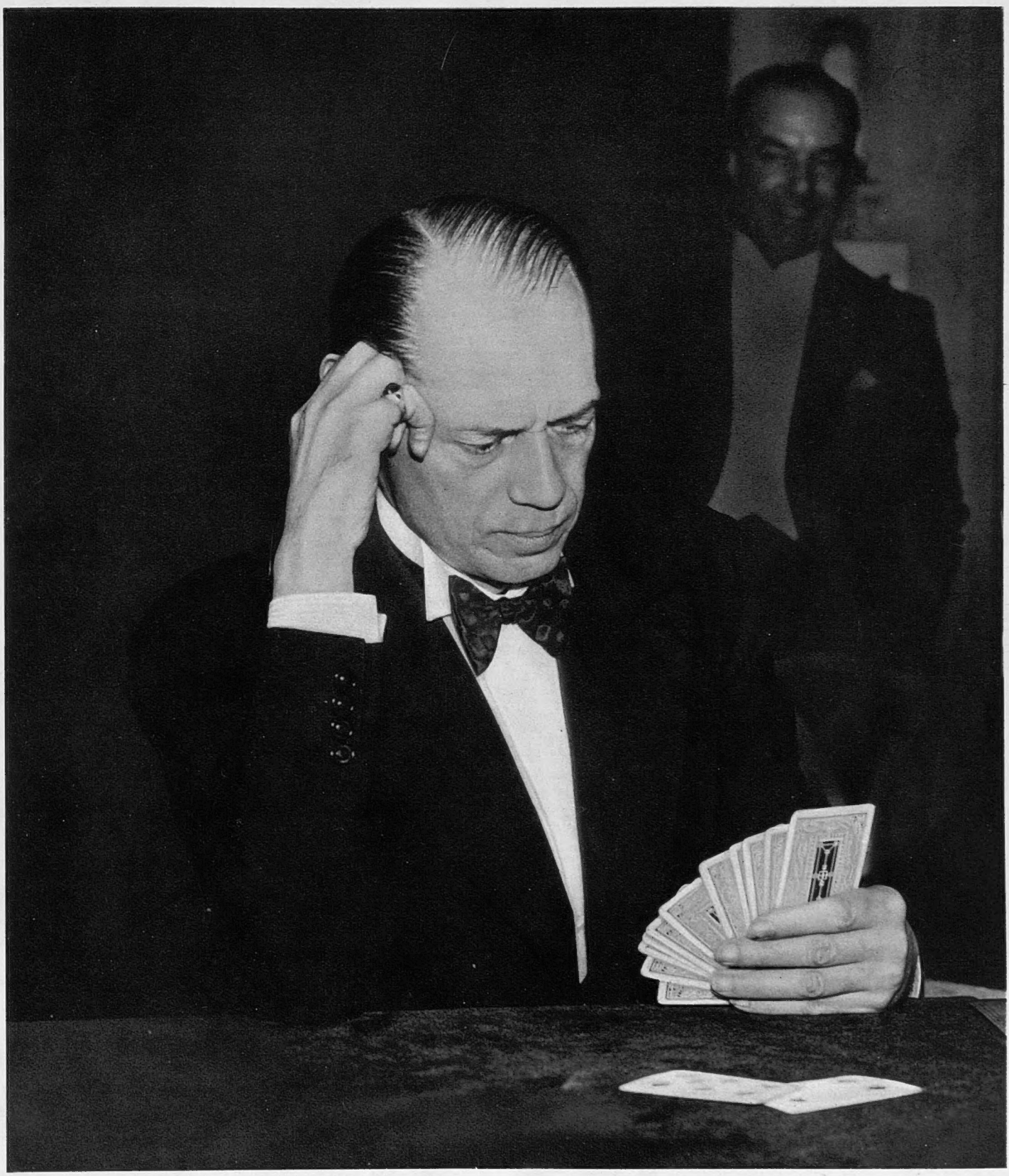


## OH, WHAT A GAME!—MR. ELY CULBERTSON

*Mr. Ely Culbertson is here seen playing Contract Bridge for the Schwab Trophy, at the Dorchester Hotel, against an English team, with that deadly seriousness which makes the game so enjoyable. When this photograph was taken, the home side were well ahead on points, and this may account for the pained expression on the famous American's face. He may perhaps be wondering whether, if he departed from his own published instructions, this would be bad for his "system"*

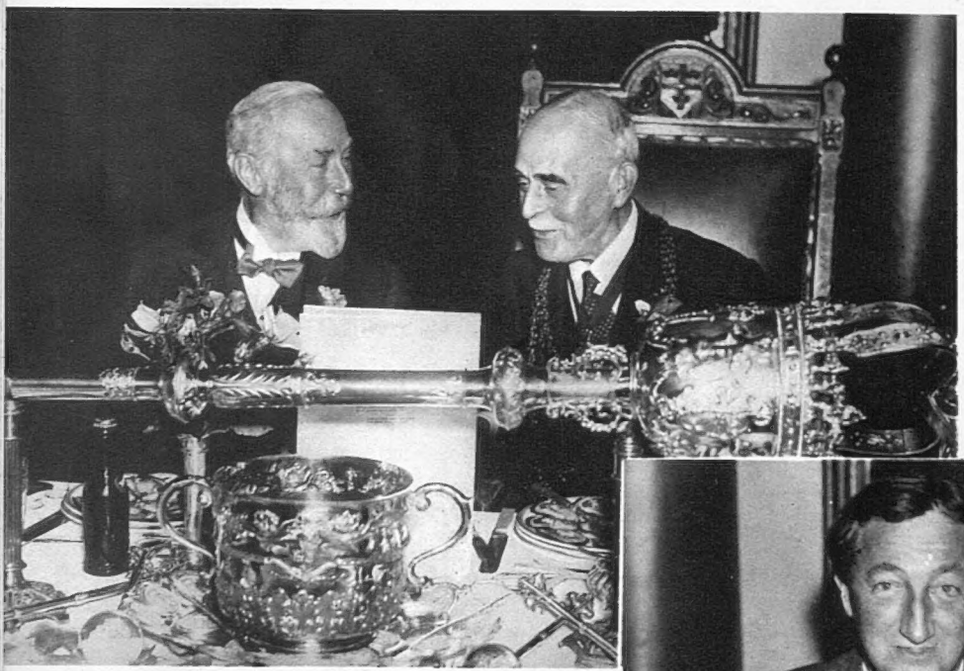
### *Retriever Trials in Berwickshire and Yorkshire*

*Lord Haddington and Lady Dalkeith at the Scottish Field Trials Association meeting at Mellerstain, Lord Haddington's Berwickshire place*

*The Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, Lord Haddington's brother, was also shooting at the trials at Mellerstain; Lady Alexandra Haig is with him*

*Mr. B. J. Banbury talking to Lord Middleton at the retriever trials held at Birdsall, Yorks. Lord Middleton lives at Birdsall House*

# ROUND ABOUT..



### *Due Honour to Oysters*

*Above: the Mayor of Colchester, Alderman W. Gurney Benham (right) talking to Lord Ullswater, the guest of honour at the Colchester Oyster Feast, at which the oyster is duly honoured by the bringing out of the city's gold and silver plate, and the company of any number of celebrities*

*On the right are two of the said celebrities treating oysters as they deserve: they are A. P. Herbert and Dame Laura Knight, who were guests at the oyster feast in the Corn Exchange at Colchester*

### *Cocktails*

*Mrs. Essex Drury talking to Lord Altamont at the cocktail-party the Quintin Gilbeys gave as a house-warming for the flat in London which they have taken for the winter*

*Swaebe*

### *Cabaret*

*Brig.-Gen. R. J. Kentish, one of the co-founders of the National Playing Fields Association, and Miss Jane Carr were at the Carlton's Tuesday night last week*

*—At the Sale of the Duke of Gloucester's Hunters*

### *People Who Like Horses—*

*Above are the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, Mrs. Fielden and Capt. Prior Palmer, and above, right, are Mrs. Hugh Peacock and her mother, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, at the sale of the Duke of Gloucester's four hunters at Leicester. One went lame and was withdrawn from the sale; the other three fetched altogether 770 guineas*

### *Right: Last Week's Postponed Wedding*

*Mr. Nicholas Bentley and Miss Barbara Hastings, with her father, Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., outside the Chelsea Register Office after their wedding. Mr. Bentley, who is the well-known artist, caused quite a stir by postponing the wedding from Tuesday to Wednesday because pressure of work gave him no time to get married on the day arranged*

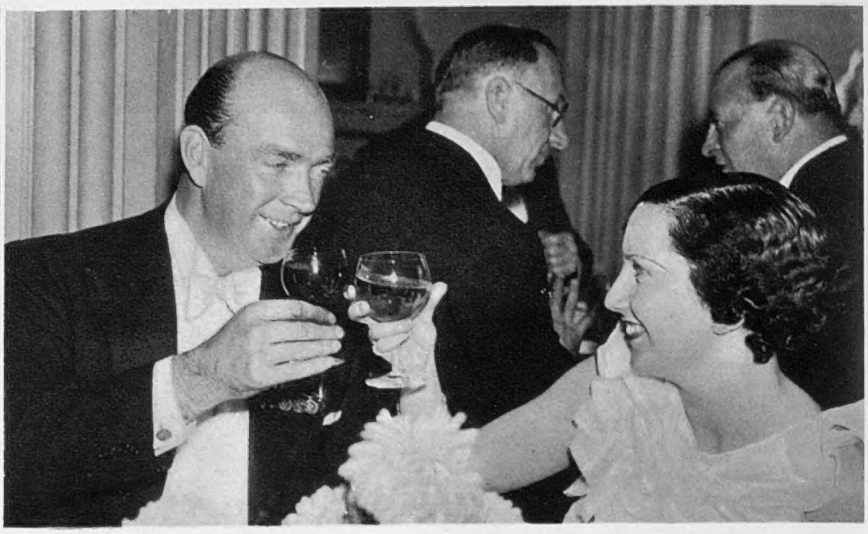
# Famous People

## The Week's Selection of Celebrities

Swaebe

*The Royal Aero Club Banquet*

*Lord Gorell, the Chairman of the Royal Aero Club, Prince von Bismarck, and Lady Gorell at the banquet given to the competitors in the England to Australia air-race*



*Toast to an Aviator*

*Captain Neville Stack, who is flying an Airspeed Victory in the Australia race, being toasted by Mrs. S. L. Turner, the wife of his co-pilot, at the Royal Aero Club banquet held at Grosvenor House*

*It's an Old Spanish Custom*

*Conchita Supervia gives Gigli an international greeting during the interval of his recital at the Queen's Hall*

*Bridge as She is Played*

*Above: S. Hughes and H. Ingram (England) fighting it out with the Americans, Mrs. Ely Culbertson and A. H. Morehead, in the Anglo-American bridge tourney held at the Dorchester*

*Left: Howard Marshall has been chosen as B.B.C. commentator for the world broadcast of the Royal Wedding in November, for which the King has given permission*

*Right: Gurschner, the American artist, with some of the pictures he is showing in his exhibition of portraits, landscapes, and drawings at Agnew's Galleries, Bond Street*

*The Man with the "Wedding Voice"*

*An American Artist*

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to everybody else; no tournament is a live concern unless the standard goes up each year. At Roehampton this year it went up with a bound.

At Ranelagh on the first day the biggest win was achieved by a pair of Roehampton members, Mrs. E. J. Smith, captain of that club this year, and Mrs. A. D. Stocks, the tennis player. Eight and seven was their cruel figure. The eventual winners were well chased to the last green by Miss Lake and Miss Horrell, whom they played level.

Next morning prophets began to think well of Miss Marsden and the little South African, Miss Betty Frost; very well of the "oldest Autumn inhabitants," Mrs. King and Miss Janet Jackson, and even better of Miss Toni Ramsden and her sister, Mrs. Satchell, who had put out Miss Peech and Miss Cradock-Hartopp; and, best of all, of Mrs. Mellor and Mrs. Fleming, who had sent the new English Champion, Miss Phyllis Wade, home for a little much-needed rest before Worplesdon, having received two strokes off her and Miss Lamplough and won by 3 and 2. Miss M. Raworth and Mrs. Karin Bauer, from Sweden, seemed to have Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Gage safe, but at the nineteenth Mrs. Gage drove the green, and her side became one up for the first time. However, there was still overseas interest, for Mrs. Guy Williams, so often Champion of New Zealand, and her daughter were still going very strong; in fact, it was only on the third morning that Lady Eddis and Miss Joy Winn, who were playing beautifully together, put them out. Welsh interest remained, for Miss Pyman and Mrs. Evans were still playing well, Miss Pyman's putting being truly remarkable. They had taken nineteen holes in seventy shots in the first round.

That afternoon was enlivened by Miss Couper and Miss Anderson being taken to the twentieth by Miss Olive Read and Mrs. Fletcher, followed by Mrs. Hickling and Mrs. Colbeck, who won there from Miss M. Black and Miss Clifford, of Hawkstone.

Thursday morning saw a perfect epidemic of twentieth holes, Miss Couper and Miss Anderson's being one of the most remarkable. With six holes played, they were four down to Mrs. Mellor and Mrs. Fleming, won the next three holes, all in three, had dormy three against them, won the sixteenth and seventeenth each in three, won the nineteenth in four, and the twentieth in three. Mrs. Sheffield and Miss Howard, who had been standing up to some very good golf from Miss Rabbidge and Mrs. John Beck (Miss Baba Pim), also had a three at the twentieth to win, Miss Howard holing a six-yard putt, and a few minutes later Mrs. Hickling and Mrs. Colbeck, not content with having been there the evening before, again arrived at the twentieth and again won. That afternoon, Miss Barton and Mrs. Davies were too strong for this sister-pair, but only by 3 and 1; Mrs. Sheffield's side won on the same green from Lady Eddis's, Miss Newell's found Miss Regnart and Miss Hill all astray, and Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Clarke, after having dormy one against them, won at the twentieth from Miss Couper's side.

In the evening came the Forum Club's dinner to the Foursomes competitors and other distinguished golfing folk. It was altogether delightful. Mrs. Claude Wilson in the chair; Mrs. Guy Williams to tell us something of foursomes in New Zealand; Mrs. Percy—if you will believe me—to sit silent, and so to set us all laughing; Mrs. Lewis Smith to keep us at it with good stories; and afterwards Miss Ralston to sing charmingly to us from the piano. Mrs. Watts, chief of the Sports Section, says this is to be an annual affair, and that is really first-class news. Everybody does enjoy that evening so, even if they are nonplussed at recognising their golfing friends in evening clothes. This year, the new clusters of curls were even more disguising.

*Right: runners-up at Roehampton. Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson driving at the first against Mrs. C. Ingram, of Rye. Left is Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson's partner and mother*

*Below: Ranelagh runners-up: Miss Mervyn Barton (left), who won with her sister in 1933, and Mrs. V. G. Davies (right), who won with Miss Lake in 1932*

Next morning we were back again at Ranelagh, where Miss Newell's side had to battle for twenty long holes before Mrs. Gage missed a little pitch to give them the match. Miss Barton's side had to get round in 68 in order to give two strokes and the narrowest of beatings to Mrs. Sheffield's fine putting and Miss Howard's excellent support. As for the final, Miss de Montmorency and Miss Newell were truly invincible; they never lost a hole until they were dormy six, when the holing of a five-yard putt by Mrs. Davies kept the match going for one hole longer.

Miss Barton very nearly had a two at the fourteenth to carry on, but the winners were in that sort of irresistible winning vein when nothing could keep the ball out of the hole, and 5 and 4 was no more than they deserved.

Roehampton went, on the whole, very much as one might expect, though there is a strong conviction there that Mrs. Waldron Rose and Mrs. Oldershaw, or Miss Coote and Mrs. Kellar Frost must come right through sooner or later. Mrs. Rowbotham and Mrs. Parnell were the obstructing pair in the first instance by 2 and 1, receiving one stroke; in the other, the eventual winners, Lady Headfort and Miss Barnes Gorell, got home on the last green, for the most surprising of all reasons—the missing of a short putt by Miss Coote. But then, Lady Headfort's side seemed set to win from the very beginning, when they won by 8 and 7 from Mrs. Anthony and Miss Woodhouse on level terms. Then they gave three strokes to Mrs. White (the mother of Mrs. Gilligan) and Mrs. Glynn Jones, and won 6 and 5. Miss Coote's side gave them their only real fright of the week in taking them to the last green that afternoon; but frights are always good for golfers of the right stuff, and next morning the side was all itself again, Miss Barnes Gorell long and steady, Lady Headfort pitching and putting perfectly, so that they gave two strokes and won by 5 and 4 from Mrs. Anderson and her niece, Miss P. Hodge. They were in even more all-conquering mood for the semi-final, and won by 7 and 5 from Mrs. Shipston (who had really only entered for the fun of the thing, being completely out of practice), and her daughter, Mrs. Godwin. In the other semi-final, the other mother-and-daughter pair, Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson, had arrived by some of the most impressive golf of the meeting, for the daughter is long with wood, and the mother extremely accurate with irons and the pitches—true North Berwick-ites in every way. They had one stroke to give to a very good last-minute combination, Mrs. Major and Mrs. John Sanderson. The latter's sister, Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, had been reft from her by legal duties that meant her being in court instead of at Roehampton. This pair lost the first three holes, and though they hung on bravely, Mrs. Wyld's pitching was too good for them, and the latter's side won by 3 and 2.

In the final, Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson started by getting dead from the bunker by the first, and she repeated that bit of brilliance at the eleventh; but she missed a couple of rather crucial putts, a misdemeanour of which Lady Headfort seemed incapable, and the latter's side, having turned two up, won by 3 and 2.

Mrs. Charles Miller, at Roehampton, Dr. Garry Simpson, at Ranelagh, gave away the prizes, and said the most charming things about the pleasure of seeing Autumn Foursome-ites at both places.

It was also very reassuring to be told officially that there is not the slightest need to worry over alarmist rumours that Ranelagh will disappear under bricks and mortar. That bogey is safely dead and buried, and the Bystander flag may hope, if we all behave ourselves, to float there for many years yet. Which was as good hearing as Mrs. Miller's assurance that the Autumn Foursomes' Week is the one of the whole season most looked forward to by Roehampton.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

*The Passing Picture Show*

# Reel, But Not True

By Sydney Tremayne

*"My Old Dutch"*

*The wedding breakfast of young Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, whose story is the story of the Cockney "Cavalcade" which started a run at the Capitol last week. In the photograph are Uncle Alf (Frank Pettingell), Bert Hawkins (Michael Hogan), Lil (Betty Balfour), Ernie, the lodger (Gordon Harker), and Grandpa (Robert Nainby)*

*The old couple, Bert and Lil Hawkins (Michael Hogan and Betty Balfour) sing "My Old Dutch," Albert Chevalier's famous song, which inspired the film*

### *"My Old Dutch"*

ANOTHER winner from Gaumont-British Studios. Do not be misled by the title. It is not a comic. On the contrary: it teems with heart-wringing situations and provides an orgy of sniffs and sobs for those so inclined, although there is plenty of humour of the spontaneous Cockney back-chat variety. The excuse for the title is that the main theme derives from Albert Chevalier's famous song, and the tune is introduced at appropriate moments. The story covers the lives of a man and his wife, and their associates, during the last forty years of movement, holocaust and change. Their motto really might be: "Everything happens to me"! Someone really must invent a substitute for Mr. Coward's summarising "cavalcade": one cannot, for very shame, apply it again; the goodness has gone out of it.

IN spite of its processional argument, *My Old Dutch* never flags or drags. If it has a fault it is an excess of emotional and misfortunate incident and accident. But it does something that wanted doing, and does it well. It shows the Cockney as he really is, the man in the street and in his home, and his reactions to the repercussions of what we call world crises.

The marriage of Lil and Bert (Betty Balfour and Michael Hogan) in the 'nineties, is celebrated by a grand jamboree at the Old Bull and Bush, and Bank Holiday revels on Hampstead Heath. Then comes the shy and sentimental installation in the little home, with the incorrigible cynic, Ernie, in the person of Gordon Harker, as the lodger. He is a kind of chorus and Cockney commentator throughout, a delight to look at and to listen to. The inevitable baby becomes, literally in a "flash," a little boy.

"Comes the war"; but, thank goodness, treated subjectively by means of its effects on the people at home. An air-raid and the herding of crowds into a tube station promotes a meeting between Jim, the son, now a lieutenant in the Air Force, with Valerie, the daughter of a rich man. A hasty war-marriage before the boy goes back to the Front, an unrelenting father, and the girl goes to the humble parents of her young husband. Jim is killed, and she dies when her baby is born. (Handkerchiefs handy, please!) The grandparents win a legal battle to keep the boy, and Armistice Day closes the sequence.

THAT ought to be enough. But no! The "high-spot" of the film is the firing of a petrol dump during the "great" strike. The boy and some adventurous friends are trapped. Bert saves them, but falls and is crippled for life. Poverty drives Lil to give up the boy to his rich maternal grandfather, and the film ends to the subdued strains of "My Old Dutch."

Frankly sentimental, crammed with some of the most mature ingredients, but movingly and brilliantly acted, without exception, by a cast headed by Gordon Harker, Michael Hogan, and Betty Balfour. Sinclair Hill directed, and the interesting names of Ivor Montague, as associate producer, and Brian Edgar Wallace, part-author and scenarist, figure on the programme.

### *"Now and Forever"*

GARY COOPER plays with his accustomed ease the part of Jerry, one of those charming but unscrupulous chevaliers d'industrie with which American screen society abounds. He would even sell to relatives Pennie, his little daughter by a first marriage, that phenomenon, Shirley Temple ("too clever by half"). His young wife is revolted by his callousness, and leaves him. Carol Lombard, as Toni, again improves on previous acting performances, but is not very kindly treated by the camera.

Having made money by various and nefarious means, including selling a "dud" gold-mine to another crook (Sir Guy Standing, if you can believe it!), he rescues Pennie from the grim relations and takes her back to Paris and Toni.

But there is a rich widow, a diamond necklace, pressure brought to bear by the defrauded crook, who is a jewel thief, and you know what these combinations lead to! Toni takes the blame to save the little chee-ild the knowledge that her father is a crook. An attempt to recover the necklace leads to a shooting match. Bag: one crook killed, one wounded. Jerry will atone by going to prison. Toni will wait, and Shirley Temple will be given further opportunities for the exercise of her prodigious talents. Competent. Fictional.

### *"The Green Pack"*

EDGAR WALLACE's last play. It has the familiar and masterly touch of this brilliant plot-monger. Wicked financier organises expedition to find gold-mine in Africa, to include the fiancé of the girl he covets. Scenes in Africa and London. Wicked financier gets the girl in his power, and when gold-mine is found, cheats the men who did the work. They discover his perfidy, and decide to kill him. The one who draws the ace of spades from the green pack will do the deed. The man is murdered, and the girl's doctor father gives evidence which decides the verdict: suicide. But neither of the three men drew that ace of spades. Thurston, the doctor, had extracted it and avenged his daughter's honour. "Now you can put it back in the pack: it has taken its trick." Well constructed, photographed, and played. John Stuart is back again, acting extremely well, and Aileen Marson, in spite of being pretty, is definitely intelligent. Good, straightforward drama.

# Rugby Clubs at Home: Bridgwater and Albion F.C.

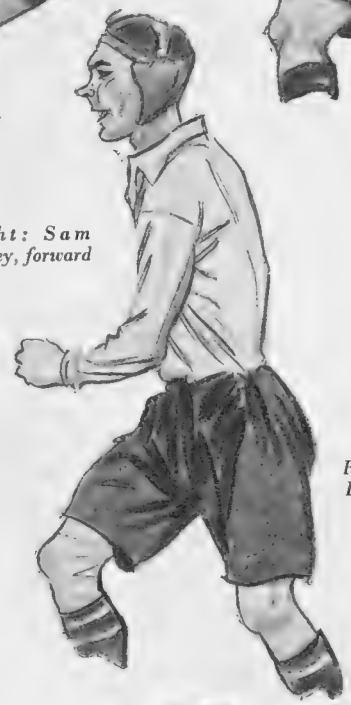
Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

*Right: Jack Snook, Vice-Captain, scrum-half, Somerset County player*

*Right: "Tim" Courtenay, the Captain*

*Right: "Rattler" Roman, forward*

*"Mine Host" Bob Washer, Chairman*



*Right: Sam Hurley, forward*

*"Monty" Mossman, forward*

*Right: F. H. Hawkes, full-back*

*"Archer" Martin, forward*

*"Bill" Mossman, stand-off-half and County player*

*J. O. Graham, centre three-quarter*

*Joe Pugsley, forward*

*Left: "Old Joy," Hon. Treasurer; right, Jack Pippin, an old player and now Hon. Sec.*

*Second Thoughts on First Nights*

# Comedy with a Kick

***"Hyde Park Corner" (Apollo Theatre)***

LET me make a confession. I must admit to a cordial dislike—in the Thespian or Pickwickian sense—to those critics and playgoers who look upon the theatre as something almost sacred, which must never be contaminated by plays except those which are masterpieces of modernism, generally devoid of a beginning and an end, and with precious little middle; containing deep psychology—so deep, indeed, that it is unfathomable—and conveying some sort of a Message.

Personally, when I go to the theatre I want to be entertained, and I can enjoy as much as anybody a play of any sort of modernism; a play of psychology; even a play—though this is more doubtful—conveying a Message, providing that, as a whole, it is not a piece of pretentious tosh. But I must admit that this type is often pretentious and usually tosh.

What has caused this preliminary outburst is the fact that I think Mr. Walter Hackett's new play, *Hyde Park Corner*, at the Apollo, has been unfairly treated by some critics because it doesn't pretend to be what it isn't. Mr. Hackett is a dramatist who has for years succeeded in giving the public what it wants. Naturally, to some, this causes annoyance.

I TAKE it that in *Hyde Park Corner* his intention was once again to rely on his favourite formula of mixing humour with drama, after a touch of the romantic, and serving it up to the public as an *entertainment*. And amusing entertainment, to my mind, this play assuredly is.

Once again, also, we have the ideal partnership between author and leading lady. No one knows better how to fit Marion Lorne than dramatist Hackett. Lucky is the actress to have such an author to fit her, and lucky is the dramatist to have such an actress to interpret his work. In *Hyde Park Corner*, Marion Lorne once again shows her powers as a delightful comédienne. She plays the part of a woman who is an adept at more than one criminal occupation, combining as she does the difficult art of pocket-picking with shop-lifting, a somewhat rare combination of talents, for criminals generally, like shoemakers, stick to their own particular last.

But, though the gentlemen of Scotland Yard may criticise the actuality of this dual aspect of the lady's lack of character, I remain content. For me the muddle-headedness; the righteous indignation shown at well-founded accusations; the sudden rush of enlightenment to the brain, and the air of pained surprise depicted on the face of this actress are one long succession of laughs.

HER final words in a Police Court, which bring down the First Act curtain—I shan't tell you what they are—are as funny as they are unexpected, and could only have been evolved by a dramatist who has mastered his craft.

But, as is usual in Hackett shows, reliance is not placed on the leading lady alone, and there is a first-rate company in support. So good, indeed, is it that some of them seem rather wasted. Godfrey Tearle, for instance, as a K.C., is cast for a part which does not tax his powers though he adds distinction to it; J. H. Roberts has little to do but express villainy without overdoing it, which he contrives perfectly; and several good-lookers, such as Jean Stuart, Christine Barry and Elvira Henderson, add such beauty and intelligence to the scene that it would be nice to see more of them. Gordon Harker is better served, and, first as an eighteenth-century Bow Street Runner, disguised as a footman in a gambling hell, and afterwards as a P.C., he gives of his best in humour, extra sec. With a plot which holds attention till the end, and dialogue in which the author has not been sparing in wit or humour, I shall be surprised if *Hyde Park Corner* does not become a stopping place for more than omnibuses.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

*In "Hyde Park Corner" the play starts in 1780, and above are the Hon. Sophia Wittering (Marion Lorne), a lady who "plays all she knows" at the tables, and Samuel Cheatle, a Bow Street Runner disguised as a footman*

*Coming to 1934, the Hon. Sophia has become Sophie Wittering (Marion Lorne), a pickpocket, and Samuel Cheatle (Gordon Harker), a P.C., who have much to do with the unfolding of an "arresting" plot*

*Autres Temps, Autres Mœurs*

*Left : Sonia Henje and Betty Chester. The former gave a skating exhibition to a large Paris audience. She was over there with her mother and her fiancé, Jeff Dickson*

*Below : Mrs. Arthur Richardson is a lovely American, and was Miss Hope Livermore, granddaughter of the late C. Oliver Iselin, a former "America's" Cup defender. Her husband is a clever young architect who lives in Paris*

*Above : Mrs. John Moffat, the attractive fair Philadelphian whose husband is the Scottish millionaire and uncle of Jim Scrimgeour-Wedderburn, Hereditary Standard Bearer for Scotland. She was wearing black, with two silver foxes*

# Yesterday in Paris

## Visitors From Four Countries

*Left : Lady Patricia Latham looking at the Seine on a fine autumn morning. She was wearing a scarlet dress under her black coat, and a velvet béret*

*Below : Elvire Popesco, the Rumanian actress, in her flat in the Avenue Foch. She may come to London for a short season before Christmas with "Tovaritch," which had a big success in Paris, where Mme. Popesco is a great favourite*

*Lady Moira Combe, wearing a green and grey "tartan" bonnet and scarf, with her suit of the new dark green, is talking to Mrs. McClintock, with whom she had been lunching. Like many another she has been staying over in Paris for the dress show season*

*Lucille Le Sueur*

*One of the earliest Hollywood photographs of the girl who is now known as Joan Crawford. She hadn't even changed her name in her first days in the M.-G.-M. studios and her hair was its natural auburn red*

*The Cabaret Dancer*

*Joan Crawford started life as a cabaret dancer, graduated to the stage, and had her first success in "The Passing Show," at the Winter Garden Theatre. This is how she looked in those days*

*Joan Crawford, Who Looks Different Every Year*

IT would be hard to find any film star who 'd changed her hair, her style, her pose, and, almost it appears, her features, so often as Joan Crawford. What she was yesterday, what she is to-day, is no sure indication of what she will be to-morrow. Talented, ambitious, intermittently seized with a tempestuous energy, she has so far lacked the stability and sense of direction that would have made her the actress she believes she could be. If she could once forget utterly to be self-conscious, it might well be that she could play a great part. Her last film, *Sadie McKee*, is generally released this month; *Chained*, in which she plays opposite Clark Gable, will be shown in London soon; *Forsaking All Others*, a Park Avenue romance, is in the making

*1926*

*1926*

*1927*

# Yesterday They Looked Like This . . .

No. 7 Joan Crawford
Then and Now

*Star in the Making*

*A seven-year-old photograph of Joan Crawford: as to eyes and lips she begins to look as her audiences know her to-day*

*1928*

*1928*

*1929*

*1932*

## PRINCESS KAPURTHALA

*Princess Kapurthala is the beautiful wife of the Maharaja of Kapurthala's eldest son. She and her husband have been staying in London, and are just leaving for India, returning via Paris, where they are spending about ten days. The Princess, who is nineteen, has the attractive first name of Sita. She is very cultured, a tremendous reader and good linguist, speaks English, French and German perfectly. This has been her first trip to Europe; she and the Prince have been to everything worth going to in London in the way of theatres and films, and she has also been to a good many dress shows. They have both made a lot of friends, over here and in Paris*

# Standing By . . .

## A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

**By "The Bystanders"**

POSSIBLY our viewpoint is a bit warped—our specialist had a squint at it recently and said we might have to have an operation—but the story of Commander Stenhouse, Mr. Arthur, their treasure expedition, and the Union Jack on Cocos Island has, for us, just one tiny flaw which mars its impressive, nay, Kiplingesque, beauty.

There was some trouble with Costa Rica, which claims possession of the island. Whereupon, the Commander ran up a huge Union Jack before leaving temporarily for Panama, where he and Mr. Arthur declared that they had "added a new territory to the British Empire," adding: "We've left twenty men on Cocos Island with a Union Jack flying. If Costa Rica doesn't like it, let her try to take it down!"

Well, as we say, an impressive bit of work. But we have an uncomfortable, lingering feeling, old tiresome grouches that we are, that to defy Costa Rica isn't such a very desperate or heroic feat. Costa Rica, we mean, couldn't really *do* much about it, if it came to trouble between us. Whereas, if Cocos Island had belonged to the United States, or Germany, or some really massive first-class Power—well, see what we mean? We should certainly hand the boys a laurel for defying somebody, so to speak, one's own size. We expect we must be pretty soured to talk like this.

### *The Reuters*

IDLY turning over a newspaper page the other morning, we were interested to observe that one of the big stores is selling a blouse christened "Reuter," in large two-tone shot check Art. Taffeta, at 14s. 9d. A romantic and graceful tribute, it seemed to us, to a great and romantic family. All over the world the Reuter family crouch like tigers, waiting for the news to emerge from the jungle of Life. Some of them, like George and Wesley, are staid and stout, and sober, and concerned only with diplomacy and politics and public works. Here's an example of George Reuter's style:

"Expenditure on public works in New Zealand for the current year is estimated at £4,698,000, as compared with £4,471,967 last year."—Reuter.

We personally prefer the more emotional members of the Reuter family, Elsie and Barrymore and "Socks," who revel in love and violence, especially Elsie, who often begins her story:

Driven like a leaf before the storm, dragged down into the maëlstrom of passion, whirled blindly onwards into the unknown for the sake of her he adored, Henry Garbage, sanitary engineer, poisoned his wife at Burrawurrawurra, Queensland, and fled to Europe with a lovely typist, Miss "Totsy" Beedle, whose blonde locks had ensnared his heart.

But even as the guilty lovers stepped aboard the ship swift Nemesis, as ever pitiless and implacable, be it Love himself who pleads, etc., etc.

More susceptible still is young "Socks" Reuter, who had to be transferred hastily from Hollywood to Aden, and now spends his leisure hours in that discomfortable port chalking love-poems to Garbo on the sterns of liners.

*"Now, are we or are we not still sitting in the cocktail bar?"*

### *Excuse Bad Pen*

WE'VE had the woundiest telling-off from a gentleman in the City for saying the other week that there will be a Presidential election in America this November. My *dear!* The things he called us!

Listen, gentleman in the City, it wasn't our fault. It sounded like that to us, from what our American friend said. We didn't, as a matter of fact, print a third of what he told us about tunny-fishing, and N.R.A. and a tall girl named Bobby (or Poppy) Willowes, and a party at Rockaway, and Goya, and Ireland, and rigor mortis, and the Argentine polo team of 1928, and shirred eggs, and Mistinguett, and what Joe said to Baby, and hell, it was terrible, and Beleek glass, and fifty other things. Out of this spate of absorbing talk there just emerged the idea, fixed and clear, that there was going to

*"Try this one, Madam"*

be a Presidential election this November. It never occurred to us to ask him why. Why not, indeed?

Anyhow, it seems there *isn't* a Presidential election in November, and now we've settled that, gentleman in the City, can you imitate an aeroplane taking off? Can you recite very quickly and accurately the French limerick about the Duchess with catarrh? Again, would you mind very much if somebody came up to you in the Savoy and said, "I don't know you, Sir, and I am now going to give you a nice big double concussion of the brain?"

***Good Pull-Up for Carmen***

IT struck us that the twenty-dish menu, published in advance, of the Wine and Food Society's "Regency" jamboree at Brighton Pavilion in honour of the Carême centenary must have given readers of the Sunday Press much gratification, especially in the North, where belts are tightest and little luxuries will be more popular than ever now that a hardish winter is promised.

It wasn't a bad idea to start a society to educate people in food and drink—just as it wasn't a bad idea, some time ago, to start a society for protecting their children—but it seems to us that the Wine and Food Society is liable to go the way of all who succumb to the heady delights of instruction. The lecturer gets "above himself," begins to lose contact with reality, and may soon develop into a lily-handed prig. If you don't think the spectacle of 200 people self-consciously eating for five hours on end to prove they know all about food and wine—if you don't think this is ludicrous, well, we'd better return all your presents and let bygones be bygones.

***Afterthought***

IT's a pity the Book of the Month Club weren't the guests of the evening. They'd have infused a bit of true Regency spirit into the solemnity — that rollicking spirit of cynical diablerie which comes of long practice in flinging a monthly masterpiece to the mob, and be damned to them. If they had showed the Wine and Food boys their secret of joie de vivre we warrant the walls of the Pavilion would have echoed to the merriest orgy since George IV. got drunk with the Duke of Norfolk.

***Who Cares?***

THE well-known sculptor—we forget his name—who complained the other day that only one woman in 5000 in this country is physically perfect was probably right (though we'd like to know how many of them he actually measured).

We don't think we ever worry about their being physically perfect. If they were they'd be pretty dumb, we imagine. (We dreamed once we had been let down by a girl we were taking to a cocktail-party, and that the Venus de Milo took her place, normally dressed, and that every time we opened our mouth for some amusing observation, she smiled her grave, slow, gracious, enigmatic smile; and we woke shrieking. We had the same dream about Garbo, and, another time, about a little brown yak, or quagga, with bells in its inside and a Greek postman's hat. That's what smoked salmon does for us.) Well, as we were saying, they'd be pretty dumb.

*"Nah then, Bert—come clean"*

The nub of the matter is that physical flawlessness generally goes with a painful lack of fascination, due to having little or nothing behind the calm, pure, exquisite brow but pulp. The most fascinating woman we ever met was a middle-aged, angular Frenchwoman who looked like an ascetic Wallace Beery, only that Beery is, or was, clean-shaven. Terrified of women though we are, she had us trilling like a little canary before dinner was half over. One thing she said to us was so true that we wrote it down afterwards. She said: "L'amour, c'est surtout hygiénique, comme la pêche. Ca repose, el l'on ne pense à rien."

We also admire a dear old English lady, the quintessence of charm and dignity, who once said to us quietly, speaking of a too businesslike dealer in antiques: "One cannot help feeling that a kick in the pants would do him good, the lousy fish."

***Fragrant Moment***

THE sweetest emotional thing we've read for a time was a recent newspaper story about old Mother Melbourne, the little Derbyshire boot-manufacturing town, and her big, strong, young daughter, Melbourne, in Australia, now celebrating her centenary. "Mother Melbourne," the story ended, "dreams of her past. Daughter Melbourne looks into the future that she shall fashion with her own strong hands. . . ."

## *PEN-PUSHERS*

### No. 2.—Beverley Nichols

SOME present-day writers, I grieve to say,
With Dame Nature's blessings are not au fait,
And their knowledge of blooms all too often stops
At a close acquaintance with Kentish hops.
But Beverley Nichols' belief has got
That a garden's a lovesome thing, God wot,
And, avoiding the dear delights of Town,
Where the streets are grey and the grass is brown,
He seeks out a daisy or buttercup,
Then with shuddering joy he writes it up.

The primrose that blooms by the river's brim
No simple primrose appears to him,
But a golden fairy that guards the stream
And is just *so* lovely you want to scream;
Whilst the Old Man's Whiskers and chaste Stinkworts
Can awake in his soul such thrilling thoughts
That he simply *has* to sit down and write
A pæan about them that very night,
To fill with an envy both wild and hot
The hearts of town-dwellers—or maybe not.

Too many young authors I know won't be
Charmed by a pansy or pretty sweet-pea,
Nor can they find "copy" that's stiff with thrills
In Michaelmas daisies or daffodils,
Because—shame upon them!—they've failed to spot
That gardens can always provide a "plot."
But Beverley Nichols has keener sight,
And that's why his numerous "fans" delight
To read those outpourings of his which teach
The Speech of Flowers in flowers of speech!

B. W.

*"Well, I asked for a bow!"*

As we brooded over this we had a sort of dream. We dreamt that down the quaint old street of Mother Melbourne, four-square to the winds amid those dreaming boot-factory chimneys which whisper for ever the last enchantments of the Middle Age, there flew eight Australian fairies from over the heaving seas. Their names were Fred, Bert, "Cobber," Sid, Ern, "Uncle," "Dinkum," and Alf Smith. They kissed Mother Melbourne on her level brow and whispered: "An embryce from the Gryte Open Spyces!"

And in our dream we saw a tear drop unbidden on the bosom of Mother Melbourne, and then, suddenly, she laughed—a low, sweet, Derbyshire laugh; for Peter Pan was on his way to give her a kiss too, and she knew full well that if the Australian fairies got him Peter Pan would go through the hoop. . .

And in our dream we saw Mother Melbourne bravely wipe her eyes and laugh again, reminding herself that it was high time that little bore got what was coming to him.

***Cheery Our Foot***

AN advertisement by the Indian Railways Bureau caught our glazed eye and held it fascinated. It began:

SEE INDIA!

Though over eighty years old, this Darjeeling coolie still goes about his daily task with a brisk step and a happy smile. He is typical of the cheery, carefree people who live in the Himalayas.

There was a photograph of the aged man, with a basket on his back, not particularly cheery at the moment the camera caught him; more like Mr. Arliss as Rothschild, benevolent and bland, with a heart of 18-carat gold, after scooping the market over Waterloo. Anyhow, it struck us as a grim inducement to go to India, just to see old coolie men going about their daily task with a brisk step and a cheery smile—we who have been lounging and shuffling about our daily task with a scowl and an oath ever since we reached the age of reason. The whole proposal stinks to us of terrible American uplift and Babbittry. Deep-breathing exercises by radio. Gleaming teeth and hearty shouts and back-slapping and Rotary and

"Work Like Helen B. Merry" and Y.M.C.A.'s and Conventions, and all the rest of it. And it seems to us, on reflection, that that's precisely where all this brisk workaday cheeriness gets you in the end—humping a basket of rubbish in Darjeeling or being a fat Rotarian in London or New York, dead and triply damned.

One of the early Fathers once pointed out that work was first instituted as a punishment. We believe that.

***Up, the Millionaires!***

"The millionaires of the world," wrote one of the gossip boys recently, aghast but admiring, "are generally modest folk. Their presence in London is apt to pass unnoticed. . . . Thus did Mr. Barney Baruch pass unrecognised when, wearing a thick overcoat and a rather too large bowler over his grey-white hair, he hurried along Piccadilly," etc., etc. This note of bewilderment is frequently cropping up among the boys, and we don't wonder at it. More, we sympathise.

If we were a millionaire we should drop this ridiculous shy-violet pose. You 'd hear us shouting in the smart hotels, like the first of the Vanderbilts, "Hain't I got money? Hain't money power?" You 'd see us, wearing huge overcoats of panther-skin and ermine, with buttonholes of whacking great tiger-lilies, butting people off the pavements. You 'd hear us in the Dorchester roaring jolly songs in praise of wealth and damning all poor men with horrible oaths. At any moment we 'd be liable to turn petulant and smash everything and order all our guests to go home. Sometimes we 'd have all the gossip boys in and torture them for fun, like Ivan the Terrible. In a word, we 'd darned well show the world who owns it, and has owned it ever since the Reformation.

In our opinion the average modern millionaire is a poor, timid fish, apt to curry favour with the populace. We 'd learn 'em, bydamn, and they 'd love us for it.

***Melodrama***

The villainous Captain glided off the bridge and stole along Deck C to Cabin No. 6.

"Girl," he said, entering softly, "you are in my power. Dare to thwart me, and I sink the ship!"

Stop Press news from the ship's newspaper, next day:

GALLANT GIRL SAVES 1500 SOULS.

***Love's Labour Saved***

Interested, despite ourselves, in the record number of broken engagements in Mayfair during the last three months, we approached the Hon. Suki Frampold-Ingleton, whose forthcoming marriage to Mr. H. H. Featherstone-Haugham, of the Foreign Office, was announced in the *Times* three weeks ago, a subsequent announcement that it would not take place appearing last week. We thought we would like to find out, on behalf of the Bystander's more flap-eared readers, just why this was so. The Hon. Suki said simply:

"Every time he talks he whistles."

We said, romantic old things that we are:

"Surely Love could have found a way?"

"Love," said the Hon. Suki, pouring us another cocktail, "damned well did."

It turned out, after further questioning, that Miss Frampold-Ingleton, weary of being whistled at by Mr. Featherstone-Haugham, fell in love one night with Bud Boomer, the Negro jazz-band conductor at the Magnifique. "Even Bud," said the charming débutante to us with a sigh, "bubbles when he goes emotional." "That 's so," corroborated Mr. Boomer eagerly, sitting on the arm of her chair, "but I got ideals. Put that in, that I got ideals. Some guys they haven't got ideals but I got them plenty. Just put that in," said Mr. Bud Boomer, nudging us, "I bubble, but I got ideals, see?"

Mr. Featherstone-Haugham, whom we approached for his own version, said coldly, "When I talk I whistle. I also imitate trains. Very few Foreign Office chaps can do that, even those with teeth like mine. I don't think Suki has a sense of humour, because everybody else simply yells. She is a charming girl, but she has no sense of humour."

The engagement was broken off at a party last Friday—very properly, we think, for (like most people) they were entirely unsuited to each other.

***Curiosity Pots***

More than one of the obituaries of Willy Clarkson, we noted, mentioned the fact that he "made up" a celebrated amateur farceur for that Sultan of Zanzibar masquerade at Cambridge and the Abyssinian Embassy which deceived his Majesty's Navy. An impromptu of the said farceur's was when seeing a friend off by the Cornish Riviera express, he suddenly perceived a group of empty churns at the end of the platform. The train was about to leave. Darting to the churns, he clashed and jangled them together furiously. Instantly, as he expected, an inquisitive head popped out at each window of the moving train and, as each blank and rather foolish face passed him, he gently tapped it on the cheek, saying "Naughty! Naughty!"

We think this funny. If you don't, you may be right, or (again) it may just be your old uric acid once more.

The Bystanders.

*Re-Incarnations*

**No. 3.—Theseus and the Minotaur in the Labyrinth**

*(Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha)*

"Look, dear, beige. My colour"

COPY OF THE ABOVE PICTURE WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON REQUEST FROM DEPT. B., DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET LONDON, S.W.1.

# GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

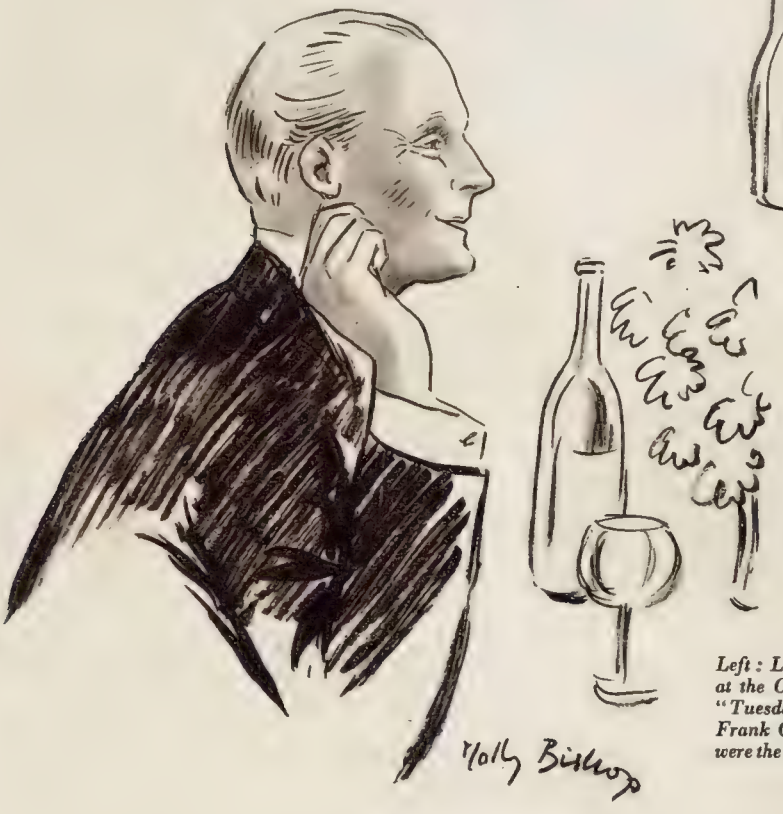
## The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

THE weather was very poor last week for such functions as Cesarewitch Day at Newmarket, the mixed foursomes at Worplesdon, with our good little golfing girls slogging round in the rain, and Miss Barbara Hastings' wedding, which we can now report has actually taken place. For such events as the Motor Show, the bridge contest at the Dorchester, the Potato Marketing Board Meeting in the Holborn Restaurant, and the Waikato Diocesan Association, external weather conditions did not matter.

*Mrs. Arthur McGrath and Mr. Alec Drummond*

*Mrs. Arthur McGrath (Rosita Forbes) was wearing an unusual black dress, with a wide silver belt, when she went to the Carlton last week. She is with Mr. Alec Drummond*




*Lord Westmorland*

*Left: Lord Westmorland was at the Carlton for last week's "Tuesday special"; he was in Frank Covell's party, as also were the Johnny Weissmullers*

IN the Culbertson contest (for it seems that, as far as he is concerned, nobody else matters much) the tea interval on Thursday must have heartened the Americans (perhaps they asked some of Les Girls to join them), for they just forged ahead after nibbling at a few scones. And, of course, there were "incidents"—but let us not mind, and hold ourselves in reserve for the Halma Championship, to be held at Buszard's in the spring.

What a good idea it was of Mr. Ernest Thornton Smith, chairman of Seager Evans, to provide the firm's goods in the way of cocktails at the board meeting! I saw Captain Dennis Larking looking particularly cheerful; he probably has shares in the company.

A DINNER-PARTY of two hundred, followed by a dance and cabaret, takes a great deal of arranging if it is in a country house. Mrs. Sieff gave such a party, and it certainly was a great success. A.A. patrol men directed the cars off the Watford By-Pass to Commonwood, King's Langley, and then the fun began. Let us look down some of the names that were there—Baron, Beddington, Beddington Behrens, Goodenday, Gulbenkien, Laski, Levi, Raphael, Sacher, Sieff (they had a good side out—nine in all), and Marks—the absence of any representative of the Spencer family is always regretted.

ONE husband did some "jiggery-pokery" with the names before dinner. He altered the cards so that his wife sat at another table with her back to him. The slender Marquess of Donegall sat between a Dorchester Follies

*An impression of Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez dancing together at the Carlton. She was wearing printed taffeta; was in a rather stormy, Latin mood for part of the evening. But "Johnny" has fine, broad shoulders*

*The Johnny Weissmullers*

*The Long of Wraxall Christening*

*Lord and Lady Long of Wraxall and their daughter, Antoinette Sara Frances Sybil, who was christened in the Crypt of the House of Commons last week. Lady Long was Miss Laura Charteris before her marriage last year*

*Mr. Christopher York and Miss Pauline Fletcher*

*Mr. Christopher York is the eldest son of Colonel Edward York, of Hutton Hall, Long Marston, Yorks, and is in the Royal Dragoons. Miss Pauline Fletcher is Sir Lionel and Lady Fletcher's youngest daughter. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster; there were three children and nine grown-up bridesmaids*

# GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

girl, Anne Howard, and Lady Melchett, whose conversation was mostly upon such interesting topics as bimetallism, microcosms and cells (not prison, but brain). A few similar subjects, swiftly "swotted up" for the evening, should give new ideas to those who dine together fairly frequently.

JACK HUBBARD and June Hart came from *Streamline* to do their fine ballroom dances, and Sherkot was a great success, doing one or two turns which should surely be included in the Palace show. Somebody told Jewish stories, which seem to me to have lost their point these days. For there are no more generous people, not only to obvious charities, but to any where genuine help is required, than the names which I mentioned earlier.

LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE, just returned from a week-end at Broadlands, danced very happily. Lord and Lady Scarsdale were there, also Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the latter tiara-ed, as was Mrs. Claude Beddington. Lord Decies' eagle eye was spotting brunettes—he saw so many blondes on his recent visit to New York; he should have noted Mrs. Paul Baron and Mrs. Allen Selbourne, also Harriet Cohen, with her ever-ready smile.

SOME readers are very kind. One of them sends me "Happy Thought," a delightful little periodical which just exudes kindness, just as do Lady Cunard and Lady Dashwood, for example. The weekly luncheons of this happy circle are to take place every Tuesday at the Garden Club. Mlle. Alanova has just taken a flat by the Club's swimming-pool, so not only will it be handy for her to pop into the pool, but also occasionally to have a snack with the happy ones. Countess de Armil is the "Mother" of the circle, for which the life subscription is 2s. 6d.: no wonder night-clubs have to reduce entrance fees and subscriptions. The Countess contributes a story to the magazine, and, reading more, I discover that there is an incipient poet, who blossoms out with the couplet—

"You can keep your gifts of Mammon,
If you give me what I love."

But it is not quite what some of us may think, for she goes on to say—

"The free and open country
With the bluest heaven above!"

As one of Les Girls remarked after reading the first couplet, "Oh, candy!"

FROM Hungary I hear that the natives were very pleased with the marksmanship at partridges of Mr. Robin Wilson's party, which included Captain "Duby" Lancaster, Sir John Milbank (he's going to Blenheim this week-end, for the Duke of Marlborough is taking up his residence there), Captain Jock Gilmour, and Mr. "Gerry" Koch de Gooreynd. Everything had been very well arranged by Prince Tassilo Furstenberg, who also organises the Austrian chamois shoots. It was at Ischl, in Upper Austria, where an Italian count (the sort that wins the hand-kissing championship of the Riviera, but does not excel so much with a rifle) fired eleven shots at a chamois, and then turned his attention to loosing at a neighbouring cow, until the guide persuaded him to cease fire.

OTHER Continental news relates that Lord Michelham has sailed up the Seine in the motor-yacht Sorais, for a visit to the French Motor Show, in Paris. I expect that he and his brother, Mr. Jack Michelham, will be buzzing about the Place de la Concorde, having trial runs in the latest Citroën, of which make Mr. Jack has a rather old model.

MR. PEEPS

### *Woman to Woman*

THERE was a very cricket-ish atmosphere about the Savoy the other night, caused by parties which followed the wedding of Mr. "Eddy" Dawson, the Leicestershire cricketer. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes were in a party with Mr. Errol Holmes (another much-heard-about cricketer) and Miss Olivia Campbell, who has just got her attractive self engaged to Mr. Arthur Leveson. We hear she is to be married quite soon, too. In another party on the same night were Mrs. Sheila Livingstone-Learmonth and Mrs. Charles Graham (both much sought after mannequins by day). The latter was looking lovely in mauve, with the Boy Wilsons and Mr. Dermot Daly.

JUST a bit about the Dawson-Vickers wedding before we go on with night life. The bride was nothing if she wasn't original in choosing miniature blue feather fans for her small bridesmaids to carry. One of the smallest was her niece, Lord and Lady Cawdor's daughter. Lady Joan Newman we noticed at the reception with her husband, yet another well-known cricketer. Lady Winifred Cecil was one of many attractive guests.

*Left: Mr. Hubert Tench Crane, Norfolk Regiment, and the Hon. Joanna Douglas, the late Lord Aberdour's only daughter, were married last week at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square*

*Right: the Hon. Elisabeth Petre is Lord Petre's only sister; she is engaged to Mr. Robert Peter Healing, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. K. Healing's only son. The late Lord Petre was killed in the war; his widow is now Lady Rasch*

*Below: Mr. Simon Elwes' portrait of Mrs. Edward Baron, which was in the Academy this year, and is now being exhibited at the Walker Galleries, Liverpool*

*Mr. Hubert Crane and the Hon. Joanna Douglas*

*Mrs. Edward Baron*

*Lenare*

*The Hon. Elisabeth Petre*

THE "Johnny" Dewars are back again from Hungary (or was it Austria?), and were at the Savoy one night, she wearing a most original bright pink short coat over her black dress. Miss Betty Rumbold, another wearer of black, was there that night, too. We don't know her fiancé by sight, but we don't think he could have been there as she was looking so sad. Miss Mary Cayzer was in the same party. The Alistair Maynards were with Mr. "Teddy" Hulton (still one of our richest bachelors). Others we saw were Mrs. Peter Horlick, smothered in silver foxes; Mrs. Somerset Butler, likewise in silver fox, but merely swathed; and the Hugh Leveson-Gowers, she dripping with orchids as usual; and Colonel Peter Combe with a lovely blonde.

SIR VICTOR and Lady Warrender have been having a series of shooting-parties lately at Exton Park, which, by the way, we understand has just been put on the market. They've had Lord and Lady Stanley staying with them, and the Michael Hornbys, among others. The latter have taken a house in the Cottesmore country again this year. They've got a lovely house in London for sale, if anybody wants one. Mrs. Michael Hornby is one of the few women who look really well riding astride.

THE Lancastrian rose was prominent at the christening the other day at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. C. Davidson's small son. "Father" wore it in his buttonhole, and Master Malcolm William Mackenzie Davidson, whose "gala day" it was, had a minute posy of said rose, and it appeared again with lilies round the font. Mr. Davidson is Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lady Reading held the baby, who muffled his screams till the ceremony was over. Sir Clive Wigram and Sir Patrick Duff were the godfathers.

MISS NAN MCGOWAN has been missing from the gay and giddy outside world for quite a bit. On close investigation we have discovered that she has been in a nursing home for the removal of her appendix. Flower-sellers have been working overtime. Nurses have been tearing their hair from having to cope with visitors coming and going, chiefly coming and invariably having to be practically thrown out. Such is the penalty for popularity!

THE actual day of the Cesarewitch was not at all pleasant. Damp and cold and occasional rain, but, considering the storms we had to go through to get there, it was not as bad as it might have been. All the usual crowd were there, plus a good number of occasional race-goers. Miss Mariegold Lubbock we saw, in a black mackintosh, talking to Lord Grimthorpe, and Mrs. Somerset Maxwell, wearing a blue tweed coat with beaver fur sleeves, was with Miss Pamela Schreiber. Lady Monkswell is a person we don't often read of and whom we often see at Newmarket; she was dressed in plum colour, with a nigger lamb coat to keep the cold out. The Mountjoy-Fanes were together. She has got much thinner and was looking most attractive and, as usual, was very busy racing. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp was one of the few people left on ground-level for the big race, but she probably saw just as much as anybody else. Lady Cambridge was another we saw. She was talking to that good-looking Lord Lovat at one moment of the day. Lady Broughton and Mr. Harry Cottrill were busy seriously discussing things together when we caught sight of them, and Lord Ronaldshay and Lord Milton were conspicuous by being two of the very few wearers of soft hats.

MRS. PEEPS

*Right :*

*Miss Leonora Corbett*

*Has been on the stage since 1927 ; was last in " French Salad," at the Royalty, and has done some film work ; is typical of the 1930's, both intelligent and sophisticated*

*Below :*

*Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira*

*Is the daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Dr. Regis de Oliveira ; is extremely attractive and cultured, Latin in colouring, and can look lovely*

# "Significant Portraits"

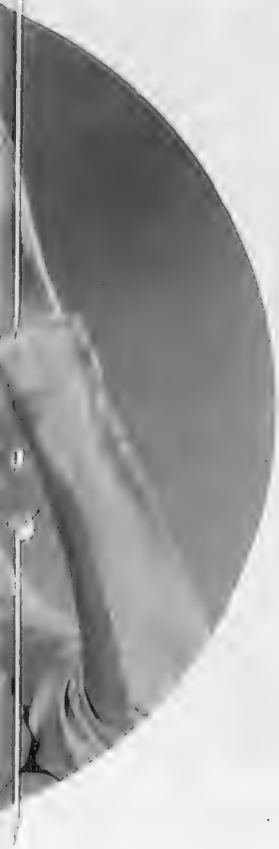
## Peter North's 1934 Exhibition

"THE significance of a portrait lies more in the portrayal of the many underlying moods and attitudes which go to make up character than in a mere reproduction of features. Only if the finished design is true to the character of the subject can it be beautiful. For lack of truth in photography, as in all art, can only result in ugliness." This is Peter North's summing-up of the "design for photography," on which his 1934 exhibition of camera portraits is based. The exhibition is being held at 28, Old Burlington Street, and begins to-day with a private view

*Below:*

*The Hon. Mrs. Taffy Rodd*

*Is the wife of Lord and Lady Rennell's youngest son, and younger daughter of the late Sir Charles Marling; has a style of her own, and is not afraid of the unusual*



*Mrs. Simon Combe*

*Is the elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Coke, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Leicester; married Mr. Simon Combe in 1932; in colouring, features, poise and charm, is a perfect English type*

*Left:*

*Miss Anne Chilton*

*Is the younger daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Chilton; her father has been Ambassador in the Argentine since last year. Is a fair, Celtic type, with lovely eyes*

*A Racing Reverie*

# Winners, Wind and Rain at Newmarket: By "Regular"

TRAINERS, jockeys, and even owners, are born, and not made—especially trainers. There are people these days who think that all that is required to enable one to be a successful trainer, is a licence, a pair of jodhpurs, and an umbrella, to test the going—they couldn't be more wrong.

CHANCE-bred horses occasionally win good races, and chance-bred trainers occasionally earn a good ten per cent.; but I, for one, would much sooner make sure, and employ a Butters, Darling, Jarvis, Leader, Marsh, Leach, or Waugh, families who for generations have lived on horses and with horses.

PEOPLE who would never dream of buying a badly bred yearling will sometimes send expensive youngsters to men whose parents never learnt which end the horse kicked with. They cannot expect to succeed. Your successful trainer must have lived his life with horses; a youth whose parents hated horses, and whose education took place in the night-clubs of the wicked West End, is doomed to disappointment.

CESAREWITCH WEEK opened with an icy blast which blew straight down the Rowley Mile, accompanied intermittently by driving rain which sent everyone helter-skelter to the Night Club 'neath the stand.

IN this popular spot, much conviviality took place, and in the same way that all good motorists have now changed to Winter Shell, all good racegoers have now changed to Winter Drinks—cherry brandy, port, and sloe gin having taken the place of the rather gloomy gin and tonic, and occasional "bottle" when somebody has had a good win.

ON such a foul day it was just as well that the favourites obliged, and all the smartest people drove back rather dangerously to their various destinations, muttering what damn good fun it all was, and how pleased they were that "dear old Sommy" had at last won a race, realising perfectly well that they wouldn't mind a couple of damns if he never won another race, the sole reason for their pleasure being that they had had a good win themselves.

THEN Umidwar won, and a lot more people were frightfully glad that the "dear old Aga" had won a race; and the same remark applies to them. Both Mr. Tattersall's Sevrier and the Aga Khan's Umidwar were screaming hot favourites, and corks popped and glasses clinked.

THIS Umidwar is the very hell of a horse just at present, and he goes from strength to strength, like Prince Aly Khan's moustache. (This is the American kind of joke, which you go on making every week till the Editor turns it up.)

WITH all due respect to Windsor Lad, I think Umidwar, at the present moment, is the best three-year-old in the country. Fortunately for posterity he was not cut when young.

YOU simply can't keep Freddy Fox out of the news; and three more winners made him, next to the beastly weather, the chief topic of conversation; the majority of us, who are only half his age, hoping we may be about a quarter as effective when, like him, we are approaching the end of the allotted span.

I THOUGHT Freddy was at his very best on the rather unwilling Miss Erene, but on Umidwar he enjoyed the sort of ride that nice-minded jockeys dream about after Gordon's dinner.

AND now for the sad story of the Cesarewitch.

CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORT has done it again! Two Cesarewitches running is a great performance, and to prove Arthur Fawcett 10 lb. and a half-length beating wrong is an even greater one.

ANOTHER foul day did not prevent an enormous crowd from congregating and making things infernally uncomfortable for us Regulars, who regard the Night Club as our own property and scream with irritation when we can't get our usual table.

THE big race was not particularly interesting, but it very rarely is. Jack Sirett, however, rode a most admirable race on the winner, and it was clear, some way from home, that, barring something extraordinary happening, he would win. Enfield is one of the very few winners of a Ditch Mile Nursery who has been worth two-penn'orth of cold gin subsequently, and Boyd-Rochfort deserves every credit for the way he has trained him.

OF much more interest was Easton's smashing victory in the Select Stakes. Mr. Strassburger must be kicking himself for having sold him, as Lord Woolavington made the bargain of his life when he gave £10,000 for him. Easton is undoubtedly the best miler in the country, and he never gave Gordon an anxious moment.

ANOTHER thrilling race was the Chievely Park Stakes. Caretta made a great effort to concede lumps of weight, but Lady Gabrial, beautifully ridden by Carslake, was just too good for her at the weights. Lady Gabrial's victory here paid high tribute to Shahali and Ben Marshall, who had given her lumps of weight and a beating at Kempton

*Lady Warrender talking to Lord and Lady Dumfries at that popular Border event, the Kelso Autumn Meeting*

*Lord and Lady Stratheden went over to Kelso from Hartrigge, their place near Jedburgh*

*Mrs. P. Evelyn and Lady Susan Askew walking round at the same meeting, which was held in perfect autumn weather*

# Jumping in the West

## The Wincanton Steeplechase Meeting

*Behind are Miss Spencer and Miss Ann Gibbs; propping up their shooting-sticks are Miss Bowes-Lyon and Miss Nina Hood*

*A fine pair of check suits were worn by Miss Ursula Trevelan and Mrs. David Heneage, who were two of the decorations at the Wincanton jump meeting*

*Major and Mrs. Sebag-Montefiore and Mrs. Taylor Whitehead discussing the racing*

*Above: Miss Elizabeth and Miss Nancy Hare, two attractive Irish girls, were at the meeting. They are daughters of Brig.-General and Mrs. Robert Hare, of Ballymore, Queenstown*

*Above: Miss Jeffery, Lady Susan Somerset, and her father, the Duke of Somerset, whose place in Somerset is Maiden Bradley, near Frome*

*Right: Lady Sibell Lygon, Mr. Charles Phipps, and Lady Sybil Phipps, who live at Westbury, in Wiltshire, and Mrs. John Goldsmith, in a fine leopard-skin coat*

*Left: Miss Crofton Atkins and Mrs. Tom Hanbury were both looking very Londonish to be at a country steeplechase meeting*

# Consolation Dinner

## The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club Entertain Endeavour

*Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith, Endeavour's timekeeper, sat next Mr. F. G. Mitchell, the Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, at the dinner which the Club gave to Mr. Sopwith and the amateur crew of the defeated challenger*

*Above: Mrs. F. G. Mitchell, the wife of the Commodore, and Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, at the Savoy, where the R.C.Y.C. dinner was held*

*Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Moore, D.S.O., the secretary of the R.C.Y.C., Mr. Michael Scott, Mrs. Moore, and Mr. J. A. H. Moore were at the same table at the dinner*

*Right: Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Fairey. He is the chairman and managing director of the Fairey Aviation Company, and a keen yachtsman*

*Here are six members of the amateur crew of Endeavour, which has received high praise from all sides. Left: J. S. Bacon, Allen Bacon, Dr. W. F. Richards; above: J. L. Martin, R. Droop, and C. A. Boardman*

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Walter Bird

## JOAN MAUDE

*A new portrait of the lovely young actress who is appearing in "Jew Süss," as Magdalen Sybile, the girl whom Jew Süss falls in love with but sacrifices to his master, the Duke, when the latter casts his covetous eye on her. She played the same part in the stage version of Feuchtwanger's book in 1929. Joan Maude is Nancy Price's daughter; she has been on the stage since she was thirteen*

*Left: J. Hawkins, the Newport scrum-half, passes out to stand-off half, in the Blackheath-Newport match at the Rectory Field, which was won by the home side by twenty-three points to three. Blackheath thus preserved their unbeaten record this season*

*Below: Mr. D. G. Francis (Reading School), the referee, and Mr. V. M. Griffiths, the Newport linesman, in the Blackheath v. Newport match at the Rectory Field*

# Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

## 'Varsity Prospects

THE Universities are just beginning to settle down to the serious business of the winter term, and a cracking good 'Varsity match we should have at Twickenham in December.

Never were the omens more propitious—twelve Old Blues at Cambridge, ten at Oxford—never were more disinterested enthusiasts praying that the respective captains may see the light and produce real scrummaging packs.

Do you remember last year's game, the glorious moments—that grand cut-through by Cranmer, that inspired dash by Dick, the brilliance of Owen-Smith at full-back—but also the exasperating, futile, scrambling periods, far too many of them, when miserable scrummaging turned the match into a scrappy maul?

I MUST admit that I am invariably carried away by the 'Varsity match, and led into pæans of praise for its vigour and the splendour of the tackling. No bad thing, perhaps, for where else do you see the shoulder go into the man with such exemplary and satisfying heartiness? I am bound to confess, though, that very often the game is a singularly indifferent exhibition of the arts of Rugby football.

You may say that this is inevitable, that the finer points must invariably be blunted by the ferocity and keenness of the struggle. Is it inevitable, though? Need hard Rugby football always be bad Rugby football?

Very often it is—think of hospital or college cup ties—recall house matches at school. Enjoyable enough, but no better than a licensed butchery. Bad football, indeed: uncontrolled strength, if you like it better that way. And the essence of the game lies in control, even if, as Mr. Adrian Stoop remarked recently, the basis of it is brute force.

I SEE no reason why the 'Varsity match should not produce out and away the finest football of the year. Here you have two teams with every opportunity for training, drawing upon the cream of public-school players, with time and incentive for studying tactics and learning how to put theories into effective practice. These teams should be fitter than any International side, and better together, and crammed full of the will to win.

Is it not reasonable to suggest that they should rise superior to the limitations imposed by superlative vigour; or are we to infer that 'Varsity players as a whole are too inexperienced to retain control when the great day comes along?

I AM inclined to think that 'Varsity sides are apt to be too progressive. They try to run—and it is a fault from which most of us suffer—before they can walk. Those responsible for their guidance—the captain and secretary and the Old Blues Committee—are very often International players, and they forget that newcomers to the side have a great deal to learn. They start, therefore, with big ideas, which fail because they are not firmly grounded upon established principles. They have forgotten the weakest links in the chain.

I dare say these generalisations of mine will prove wide of the mark this year, for Lorraine, at Oxford, and W. J. Leather, at Cambridge, are level-headed and knowledgeable captains. And if only they are able to make the most of their material, what a game it will be! The back divisions sprinkled with International players, and the forwards—but there we come up against it. Well, I have said it before, and I will not stress it unduly, but unless advantage is taken of exceptional opportunities for learning what real scrummaging means, glorious attacking players like P. Cranmer and C. W. Jones will be utterly wasted. And that, surely, would be a tragedy, and an entirely unnecessary one.

WE all hope and believe that this term W. Wooller, so good as a schoolboy when he played for Wales, will find his real form. He was unlucky last year and bothered by knee injuries, but he is surely a centre of the highest promise still. And K. L. T. Jackson, of Oxford—what is going to happen to him? After the match for Scotland last season he dropped out of International football, and there are those who deny that he has sufficient resource for a class stand-off half. He passes too soon, they say, but he is, after all, a beautiful player of the Kittermaster type, and it needs, I think, only a slight adjustment to turn him into the ideal constructive link between the scrummage and the three-quarter line.

There is a rival candidate for his position at Oxford—C. F. Grieve, a most alert and nimble runner, and it may be that with Grieve at stand-off half and Jackson taking Owen-Smith's place at full-back, Oxford would be better served. This, it seems to me, is one of Lorraine's most difficult problems, for otherwise he is extraordinarily well served behind the scrummage, though we may wonder whether J. W. McShane will prove to be the best available scrum-half. Anyway, the Oxford back division shapes well already.

CAMBRIDGE also may be in some doubt about their scrum-half, for they need speed and length of pass there to bring the best out of C. W. Jones, and these were attributes which the excellently plucky J. E. Bowcott lacked last year. But Jones himself—there is a 'Varsity match menace for you, and with Wooller and K. C. Fyfe as the nucleus of the three-quarter line, and P. L. Candler available to take R. C. S. Dick's place, Cambridge should be in clover.

I have not seen Candler often, but he has left with me the impression that he is an uncommonly clever runner, elusive, difficult to stop, and intelligent, with just that quickness off the mark to carry him through the gap. In any normal year I imagine he would romp into the side, but just now places in the Cambridge back division are hard to come by.

STILL, the point is that both teams give promise of skill and speed and experience above the average. Already, between them, they muster seven International players, a number which may well be increased. They have six weeks and more before their date at Twickenham; what vistas of perfected training and skill that opens up! But I know that if I were to end with any reference to scrummaging, however oblique, I should become more unpopular than I doubtless am already. But what a temptation it is!

*The "Bystander" Book Shelf*

# Memoirs of a Fire-eater

By Alan Thomas

I APPROACHED *The Naval Memoirs of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes* (Thornton Butterworth; 21s.) with feelings of grimness mingled with determination. Another book of war memoirs! Well, here goes. . . . I confess at once that I was agreeably surprised. I had turned over only a few pages when I became absorbed.

The book is divided—like Gaul—into three parts. The first deals with the development of the Submarine Service, starting in 1903. In the second part, Admiral Keyes tells of his experiences from the outbreak of war till the beginning of February 1915, mostly on submarine service in the North Sea and the Heligoland Bight. The third and longest part contains an account of the Gallipoli campaign, and of Admiral Keyes's untiring efforts in favour of a naval attempt to force the Straits. That this could have been done he has no shadow of doubt. "If we had merely steamed through," he told Mr. Balfour in 1919, "at a moderate speed in line ahead, with the anti-mine devices we had developed, quite sufficient ships would have got through into the Marmora to achieve our object." And "Can anyone doubt," he adds, "that the forcing of the Dardanelles would have shortened the war by two years, and spared literally millions of lives?"

But I enjoyed the book mainly because of the picture it gives of its author. The Admiral is a fire-eater. For him "a visit to the front-line trenches acted like a tonic." He must have felt tenderly towards a certain dug-out naval captain who begged Keyes to send him to Gallipoli. "I did so," says Keyes. "Fortunately—since he liked it—the beach was being heavily shelled; a lighter alongside the pier on which he had landed was sunk while he was there, and the pier was smashed by a shell a few yards behind him. He came back delighted and most grateful."

At one time or another Keyes himself had been fired at by almost every gun in the Straits. And I have no doubt that he enjoyed it. His pet aversions nowadays are pacifists and idealists. He also recites Kipling's "If" while he is shaving.

Sir Roger Keyes is a great man, and one who has deserved well of his country. Let us hope that he will not live to be a danger to it: in other words, that he will think twice before lending his great prestige to any movement in support of the kind of Hitlerism of which he dreams in his Foreword—or, indeed, to any kind of Hitlerism.

"BALLETOMANIA," by Arnold Haskell (Gollancz; 18s.), is a book by a lover about his love. Mr. Haskell calls it the story of an obsession. He does not know exactly when it started, but the infection must have developed when he was very young, for he writes: "It seemed as natural to me in those [school] days to know the names of every member of a corps de ballet as it was for my friends to reel off batting averages and the like. . . . By the age of ten I was completely obsessed." His devotion is such that he is never happy away from the ballet: he has travelled with it in Europe and America and is as faithful an attendant at rehearsals as at performances. From his unique position behind the scenes he has watched the rise of the young stars who have dazzled London in Colonel de Basil's ballet.

The book is an amazing amalgam of ballet small-talk (we are told, for example, that Markova—née Alice Marks—took up dancing to cure knock-knees) and scholarly learning as to the history and technique of dancing. Among the book's lighter moments must be included the amusing account of the jealousies and intrigues among the company which are mainly fostered by the fond mothers who chaperon their dancing daughters.

Mr. Haskell's portraits of the great dancers of the Russian Ballet are for the most part drawn from the standpoint of an adorer of their art, but on occasion he can criticise with a technical erudition beyond the power of most lovers. For the specialists, his chapters on the greatest of the choreographers, Nijinsky, Fokine, Balanchine, and Massine, are likely to become the standard authority.

No one who has read Mme. Nijinsky's recent book on her husband should miss Mr. Haskell's chapter on Diaghileff. It gives new facts about the relation of the two men, and suggests that Mme. Nijinsky has done less than justice to Diaghileff.

Mr. Haskell's book is magnificently illustrated. I do not recommend it to the unsympathetic—they might be likely to agree with the author's schoolmaster, who considered his obsession "a thoroughly unhealthy taste." But all friends of the ballet will revel in it.

*A Naval Engagement*

*Norma Shearer, Sir Roger Keyes (whose book, "The Naval Memoirs of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes," is reviewed on this page), Irving Thalberg, and Lady Keyes at luncheon at the M.-G.-M. Studio, Hollywood*

"THE ENGLAND OF CHARLES II.", by Arthur Bryant (Longmans; 6s.), is a book of quite peculiar interest. It gives an account of the ordinary daily life of the people of England 270 years ago—what they ate, what they drank, what they wore, what their habits and pastimes were, how much they paid for things, and how they conducted themselves and the country generally. For the benefit of the "My Lady in her lavender beds" school of social history, the author reminds us that sanitation was in its primitive stages. If you were approaching Dover by sea, though the winds might waft "Scents of thyme and sheep on the uplands," they wafted "other scents" as well. And when you landed you might look in vain for a public convenience: "the polite would step aside to an alehouse, those less so to the street wall."

But if our ancestors were behind us in matters of hygiene and medical treatment (for a quinsey, "Take a silk thread dipped in the blood of a mouse and let the party swallow it down with the pain or swelling in the throat and it will cure him"), they could give us points in the matter of gents' summer suitings, and also in cookery. "Their humblest recipes were princely." Nor did they neglect their liquor. The regulation allowance of beer for a common sailor was a gallon a day; and "it was considered bad form for a gentleman to sip his wine; rather, keeping his eyes devoutly on the bottom of his glass, he was expected to drain it in a single draught."

I could go on quoting from this book for a long time, there are so many good things in it. But let me end with this: in those days "culture in its widest sense came from the reading of the Bible, whose effect on the permanent thought and tradition of the nation it is hard to overestimate."

Well, pace Hollywood, I think there is something to be said for the good old days despite the lack of sanitation.

There is no doubt that Mr. Bryant's book will be valued and enjoyed as well by the layman as by the scholar.

# Tweed Time

## Fashions by Jean Burnup

A SUIT full of good fashion points. The coat is tunic length, fitted at the back, belted at the front, with a really becoming draped collar which can be worn flat, scarf-like, or, as in the sketch, with the ends crossed and buttoned on each shoulder. The skirt has four slits, but cunning ones, with the material carefully lapping over. Brown loose tweed.

THE coat is green novelty tweed, well fitting, belted all round, with a flat, round collar of nutria, fastening at the side. Both come from Jaeger's, in Oxford Street (the hats do, too), and both have the good style and fine workmanship which characterise everything you find there.

# Bond Street and Roundabout

## By Jean Burnup

I HAVE a theory that, with one good feature, cleverly exploited, you can almost persuade the world to believe you are beautiful.

In fact, you get more prestige than the real beauties who have everything, because you become noted as the woman with the marvellous hair, the wonderful eyes, the lovely voice, or the gorgeous skin.

For me, so long as a woman has lovely hands, her face can be like the wrath of God. Only you may be quite certain it will not be. Even if she was "oggy four-eyes" to her friends at twelve, the woman with beautiful hands will do everything in the world to help her face and figure to live up to them.

It is easy enough to-day, with clever aids to beauty practically served up on a plate.

Beautiful hands themselves are not at all difficult to acquire.

They don't need to be small to-day to come up into the beauty class. And if you haven't been served out with the long, tapering fingers wrongly supposed to denote the artist type—most artists have square, workmanlike hands—don't worry. All you need do is keep them smooth, white, and young-looking.

If you don't know how to do this, Elizabeth Arden will tell you. She knows just how to be kind to nails and skin. She has a bunch of effective preparations at her own finger-tips which will help to make yours look good. A special skin-food which nourishes, softens and whitens the hands. A strong bleaching-cream to take out any discolorations. A cream for dry hands. A fragrant liquid to smoothe in after washing, which leaves the hands feeling soft and easy; special retiring gloves (you only need to wear them once a week); and lovely nail varnishes, shaded to match your lipstick, which go on evenly and dry at once.

If you do your own manicure, a new nail white pencil has been born which performs tricks not usually in the répertoire of such pencils.

It is wedge-shaped, which means it slips with ease under the nail-tips. It is recommended for dealing with unruly cuticles, used like an orange-stick. A little spread on the half-moons whitens them and throws up the lustre of your nails. Vareen is the name.

* * * *

THE best outline I have seen on any woman for a long time belongs to La Jana, now dancing in Monsieur Cochran's revue, *Streamline*. Les Young Ladies dance like little angels, and look like little devils when they wear their four little circlets of black sequins—for the rest, nature.

But La Jana is another story. Long, long lines, slight, melting curves, hard, sinuous grace.

Every woman in the audience who had so far sat drooping, now sat erect at the sight of her, with Edwardian straight backs, conscious of goodness knows how many imperfections, determined to start exercising again to-morrow, to try that new diet, or—easier—to buy a new foundation.

Well, there's a Roussel—yes, it is the lady in pink in the window who goes round and round—a long belt, with a new elastic brassière, which you can buy separately if you choose, to shape

the figure into the right lines, and, at the same time, give adequate support and freedom of movement.

There's Kestos, whose well-known brassières go round the world, promising to launch a new all-in-one foundation, made in a new two-way stretch material which gives really firm support and does away with all fastening. It is made from Lastex Yarn, and can be washed again and again. You should be able to get it by now at most of the big shops.

Or, down Baker Street way, there's Beautiform. This is a garment—Mme. Maud, who created it and patented it throughout the world with tumultuous success, carefully explains it is not a corset—cut on scientific lines, made to your own measurement and requirements, to give the figure support in the exact place where you need it.

While it moulds you into those lines you envy and thought were no more coming your way, it actually improves the internal activities by relieving all strain and ill-distributed weight.

It eliminates restrictions and pressure, assists normal functioning in every part of the body, protecting the spine from pressure, giving freedom to the heart, lungs, liver and kidneys. It gives strength to weak muscles, and gradually removes fat which shouldn't be there, restores balance and symmetry of line.

This sounds a lot to ask of one piece of clothing. But Mme. Maud does not make these claims carelessly. She has chapter and verse to prove it, in the appreciation and gratitude that comes to her from Beautiform addicts ("Once they have had Beautiform, they never wear anything else") from all over the world.

# Grandeur For Lunching Out

*Left to right:*

THIS elegant dress and short coat is made in a shiny silk, beige, oatmeal and brown, patterned to look like tweed. They call it Cyliap. The dress has an outside width in bells. The coat is trimmed with brown lamb. *Liberty*

A BLACK broadtail cape over a black crêpe dress, The dress has a piquant white collar and flower. The coat, feeling piquant too, has abbreviated tails, and sling sleeves. The bag is broadtail. *Isobel.*

DON'T be misled by the simple lines of this suit. It looks trim enough here, but imagine it, please, in black velvet trimmed with ermine tails at the neck, and worn with a black velvet hat (a delicious piece of nonsense) with ermine tails streaming out at the back. *Peter Russell.*

*Ranelagh prize-winners photographed after their victory. Left to right: Mrs. T. N. Sheffield, Miss Cynthia Howard (Hayling), semi-finalists; Mrs. M. L. Clarke, Mrs. John Gage (Hayling), semi-finalists; Miss B. Newell (Cavendish), Miss de Montmorency (Wentworth), winners; Miss M. Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey), Mrs. V. G. Davies (Berkshire), runners-up*

*Rochampton finalists, with their spoils. Left to right: Mrs. Wyld, of North Berwick, and her daughter, Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson, whose wedding was one of the most fashionable of early June, who were beaten 3 and 2 in the final by Miss Barnes Gorell and the Marchioness of Headfort*

# Ladies to the Fore-somes

## Competitors at Ranelagh and Roehampton in the "Bystander's" Autumn Competition

*Left: a pair of sisters, Mrs. J. A. Terry (Woking) and Mrs. David Arnell (Royal Wimbledon), beaten in the fourth round by Mrs. V. G. Davies (Berkshire) and Miss M. Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey)*

*Mrs. Mellor (Berkshire) and Mrs. Fleming (Sunningdale), who lost a fourth-round match to Miss Couper and Miss Anderson at the 20th, after being dormy 3*

*Right: Ranelagh's 16th hole terrifies many, but not Miss J. M. Hughes, who reached the fourth round with Mrs. Frank Rider, before losing to Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Clarke*

*Miss Jessie Anderson, possessing one of the most admired styles at Ranelagh, where she and Miss Couper, the back-markers, were beaten at the 20th hole in the fifth round by Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Clarke*

*Roehampton semi-finalists Mrs. Shipston and her daughter, Mrs. F. C. Godwin, who were beaten by the eventual winners*

*Roehampton semi-finalists: Mrs. Major, who is a member there, as well as at Chislehurst, and Mrs. John Sanderson.*

*The New Zealand mother-and-daughter pair, Miss Joan and Mrs. Guy Williams, who lost in the fourth round at Ranelagh to Miss Joy Winn and Lady Eddis*

*Below: Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, Miss Regnart, Mrs. Goodall, and Mrs. Montague at the Forum Club's "Bystander" dinner*

*Some more diners at the Forum Club: Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, the ex-Scottish Champion; Mrs. S. V. Hicks, who handicap-manages Forum Club handicaps, and Mrs. Jörgensen*

*Miss Ferelith Low, the Scottish holder of the Dutch Open Championship, and Mlle. Nellie Wiener, the ex-Belgian Champion, present at the Forum dinner, with one of the "Bystander" Autumn Cups—which they hope to win another year*

*"Bystander" Foursomes dinners at the Forum Club owe everything to Mrs. Claude Wilson, who rushed up from marking winning cards at Walton Heath to take the chair at this delightful gathering*

# A BODEGA AT JEREZ

Where the "PINTAIL" SHERRY comes from, and is matured.

"FOR THE GUEST
THE BEST."

Spain has one product that she offers to the world, supreme of its kind—a pale, dry, exquisite Sherry.

You cannot be wrong in offering a glass of "PINTAIL" to your guest for the little "11 o'clock" and before or after meals. He will certainly appreciate your good taste.

6/-
Per Bottle

**Pintail**
A FINE **SHERRY** DRY

SHERRY
is the best
COCKTAIL

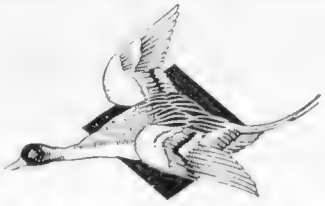
Sherry is more and more recognised as the most healthful appetiser, and is equally suitable for drinking before, during, and after a meal, and it is the only Wine the flavour of which *is not adversely affected by smoking.*

6/-
Per Bottle

**Pintail**
A FINE **SHERRY** DRY

It is in the emptied "Pintail" casks that the famous "Grouse" Brand Whisky is matured.

*May be obtained through Wine Merchants everywhere, or direct from*

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON,  PERTH, SCOTLAND.

# "Come, Come, Good Wine is a Good Familiar"

*Othello*

## A "Bystander" Guide to Wines

## SHERRY

DESPITE the slaughter of romanticism by the satire of Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, Sherry wine may be compared with a Spanish hero of old romance, a grandee boasting of ancient lineage and dignity and a chivalrous attitude towards life. Sherry is a great figure among the wines of the world. Strong, austere, incomparable—from the sunny vineyard in Xeres to the grey and gloomy dining-room in England, or amid the pretentious surroundings of an English bar—it is a masterpiece.

IN Southern, sunny Spain there is a city picturesquely named Jerez-de-la-Frontera. It is in Andalusia, which, in turn, is in the Province of Cadiz. In the vineyards of Jerez and of the surrounding district, grapes are grown from which Sherry wine is made. The English word, "Sherry," is derived from the ancient spelling of the name of the town, "Xeres," pronounced "Jerez." Wine was made in that district long before the Roman occupation, but Roman traditions in wine-making are still observed. It is interesting to recall that in 1517—which is going a long way back—the Duke of Medina Sideonia granted special privileges to English merchants who would go to Jerez, Port St. Mary, and Seville to buy the wines of the country. Where is the schoolboy who does not remember that thrilling historical episode which describes how Drake singed the Spanish King's beard and brought back 2900 butts of Sherris from Cadiz? In those far-off days "Sherris" was dubbed "sherris-sack" or merely "sack." A Bacchanalian ditty of 1693 runs:—

> The next that stood up with a countenance merry
> Was a pert sort of wine which the moderns call Sherry.

Then, even as now—

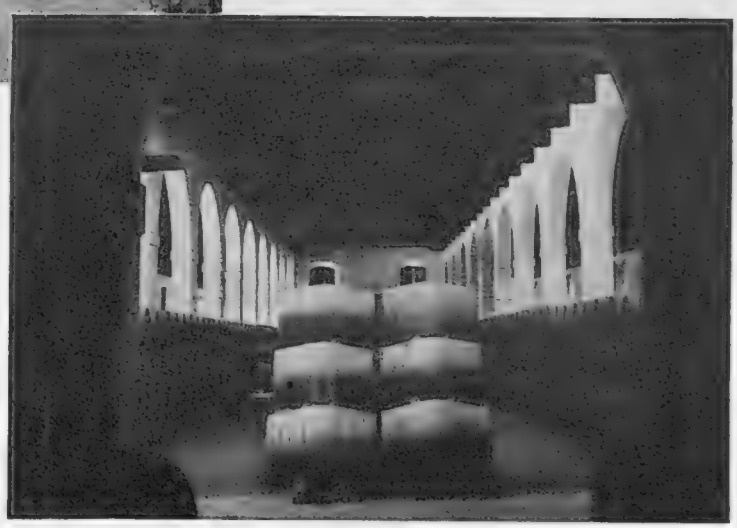
> The life of mirth and the joy of the earth
> Is a cup of good old Sherry.

SPANISH wines have, in fact, enjoyed high reputation in England for four hundred years. Chaucer, "the Father of English poetry," sings of the potency of "the whyte wine of Lepe" in *Pardoner's Tale*, Lepe being a town near Seville. Perhaps the most remarkable tribute paid to wine was that paid by Shakespeare "the greatest of English poets" in *King Henry IV.* (Part II., Act IV., Scene 3) to "good Sherris Sack."

THE processes involved in converting the grape-juice into Sherry wine are very different from those connected with the making of any other wines, excepting, perhaps, in certain respects, the Arbois wines; and that is why Sherry is a unique wine. The grapes gathered at the vintage time in Jerez are not taken straight to the wine-press, as in other wine countries, but are exposed to the sun and protected from dews, to draw off the natural surface moisture. Then they are pressed and the mosto, or juice, drawn off into butts, is allowed to ferment. So capricious are the wines of Jerez that there is marked diversity in the character of the wine in the different butts, and eventually they become classed as Fino, a delicate wine of mellow flavour, and very pale in colour; Amontillado, a wine with fuller development and a charming flavour of its own; and—to name no others—Oloroso, a full, deep-coloured, nutty-flavoured wine. Apart from this peculiar and inexplicable variation in character in the initial stages of development, there is yet another peculiarity, for which Sherry is renowned—namely, the "flowering" of the wine when undergoing the process of secondary fermentation. Finally, there is the solera system of drawing wines from the "mother" cask with replenishment. This system practically confers upon Sherry what has already been called immortality.

Sherry is indeed a wonderful wine; it is the rich man's pride and the poor man's joy; it is the one wine which can be decanted and left on the sideboard for almost an indefinite period without appreciable loss of quality; it is the only wine which can be savoured with the fullest sense of enjoyment to the accompaniment of tobacco smoke. Sherry and cigarettes go well together.

*Carrying grapes to be pressed from a Spanish vineyard*



*The interior of a typical Spanish Bodega, where the sherry matures in casks*

**Knowing the difficulty of making a choice from a wine list of RHINE and MOSELLE WINES, be on the safe side and insist on Deinhard's shipping. If you like a Liebfraumilch, see that it is**

DEINHARD'S
LIEBFRAUMILCH
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**but be sure that whatever Rhine and Moselle Wines you order, bear the following neck-label.**

If you prefer a dry SPARKLING WINE, ask for

DEINHARD CABINET,
EXTRA DRY,

eminently suitable for all festive occasions and procurable at a reasonable price.

Deinhard & Co
COBLENZ AN RHEIN UND MOSEL

• A "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO WINES

# HOCKS and MOSELLES

THE Great War, which touched the valley of the Marne and laid the city of Rheims in ruins, disturbed the champagne trade less than it did the old-established wine trade with Germany in London. In his book, *Wine and the Wine Lands of the World*, the late Frank Hedges Butler noted a poignant situation—the effect of the war upon the close relationship which the best German wine houses had cultivated in England. "Several firms," he pointed out, "had both English and German partners, and in some instances the families had inter-married. The result was that when war broke out, partners and families whose business and personal interests until then had been identical, found themselves called upon to fight on opposite sides." Naturally, the German wine trade in England came to a standstill. Now that time has more or less obliterated the scars of those unhappy days, old relationships have been gradually revived and the German wine trade with England once more effectively re-established.

ONCE more it is recalled with pride that in the Middle Ages German merchants of the Hansa League had a house of their own in London, Steelyard. German currency to-day may be difficult to negotiate, and the "sondermark" may go a-begging, but in those days the credit of the "Easterlings" was so good and their coinage so pure, that their memory endures to this day in the word "sterling," derived from Easterling. The merchants of Cologne were, with the Lorrainers, the principal importers of German wines in England at that time, and the yearly arrival in London of the wine-laden ships has been vividly described in the *Liber Custumarum* and by Mr. André L. Simon. The wines which the German merchants brought to England came mostly from the Rhine districts known as the Rhinegau, the Rhinchesse, and the Rhine Palatinate, as well as from the valley of the Moselle lying between Coblenz and Saarburg—the precise wine area of to-day. Geographically, nothing has changed.

GERMAN wines in the London market present problems rather different from those associated with other European wines. As the late T. Earle Welby remarked, nine times out of ten one gambles partly on the shipper, partly on the supplies, and partly on the Fuder, or cask, from which a particular wine is chosen. That genial and gifted essayist, prematurely gathered to his fathers, also remarked that "as the guest of a great wine merchant, one may count on German wines of a certain description living up to their fame: as a diner at an honest enough

*A typical scene on the vineyards in cultivation*

restaurant, or a purchaser from an honest enough minor firm of vendors of wine, one may find that, vineyard origin and year being the same, the Hock or Moselle is desolatingly different." Hence the importance of the advice to those purchasing Hocks and Moselles for consumption at home to go for counsel, if not for supplies, to such a highly reputable firm as Messrs. Deinhard and Co., of London and Coblenz-on-Rhine and Moselle, who have made their own investigations and tests and are thoroughly familiar with the various types of these wines.

It has been said—and said truly—that fine Hocks and Moselles were, and always will be, dear; the supply is small, even in good years, and the number of good years are not many. There has not been any really fine Hocks and Moselles vintage since 1921 until 1925 and 1926, 1928, and 1929. The 1921 vintage—now becoming scarce—stands out as the "dream" wine of the century. The 1933's and 1934's, still on the knees of the gods, as it were, promise to be great wines. There will always be a demand for fine Hocks and Moselles, regardless of price, because these wines respond so well to the æsthetic mood of cultured people.

HOCK, the name so generally given in England to all Rhine wines, is supposed to have been derived from Hockheim, in the Rhinegau, the wines of which have been justly popular for centuries. The Rhinegau Hocks include such wonderful wines as Johannisberger, Steinberger, Schloss Vollradser, Marcobrunner, Rauenthaler and Rüdesheimer. The Rhinegau wines are the least sweet and have the most of the floral bouquet so characteristic of these wines. Moselle wines known in England embrace most of the finest growths of the valley of the Moselle from Treves to Coblenz, as well as the vineyards on the banks of the Saar and of the Ruwer, two tributaries of the Moselle. The most famous of all the Berncasteler Moselles are those from the "Doctor" estates. The Moselle wines are very delicate wines, light, and with a very distinctive bouquet which is their greatest charm.

THE names seen on the labels of German wines are usually confusing to those unfamiliar with them. For instance, "Auslese" indicates the best bunches of grapes picked specially and kept separate from the other grapes at vintage-time. "Spätlese" means the grapes left on the vines to ripen as long as possible, hence Spätlese wines are more expensive. "Beeren Auslese" refers to the single berries which are cut out from selected bunches of grapes with a pair of scissors and handled distinctively. "Feine and Feinste Edelbeeren Auslese" are words which refer to the very finest single "berries" selected from the best bunches of Spätlese grapes. Edelbeeren is the over-ripe berry. Considering the enormous amount of time and labour involved in the picking of these grapes and the maturing of the wines, the prices of exceptionally fine wines must, in the nature of things, be expensive.

*Right: a sight to delight the heart of a connoisseur. A cellar of old vintage wines in the Rhine district*

*Moselle River, showing the behind the small town*

# CHAMPAGNE

CHAMPAGNE is supreme in the wide realm of sparkling wines. It symbolises joy and happiness; it is the wine for great occasions; it is essential to most social events for imparting vivacity and good-fellowship. As a restorative, nothing is half so pleasant as champagne; it revives drooping energy, corrects excesses, and fans into flame the smouldering embers of vitality. In sickness it often soothes, comforts and strengthens. Mankind's debt to champagne is incalculable. Each and all of these qualities, peculiar to champagne, are acknowledged and appreciated to-day throughout the civilised world.

APART from Henry VIII.'s alleged possession of a vineyard at Ay, champagne was practically unknown in England when Charles II. returned from France in 1660. Mr. André L. Simon, historian of the wine trade in England, has written that the young, brilliant, profligate nobility which formed the Court of the Merry Monarch longed for some new wine, more original, more exhilarating, and extravagant than any then known. So champagne appeared at Court. That celebrated Frenchman, St. Evremond—soldier, philosopher, courtier—who did so much to make champagne drinking fashionable in those days, preferred the red wines of the Montagne de Reims, but the ladies considered the white wines from the Epernay vineyards prettier to look at than new claret or old sack; they were lighter, both in body and in colour, and the bubbles were an added attraction. Despite the fitful and often feeble effervescence, the day for the wine

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,

had not yet arrived.

MR. ANDRÉ SIMON is very firm on the point that Dom Perignon, the famous cellarer of the Benedictine Abbey of Hautvilliers, whose 250th anniversary was celebrated at Reims a couple of years ago, was not the discoverer, inventor, or creator of sparkling champagne. The worthy monk himself advanced no such claims. He was a lover of wine; he had a sensitive palate and a sound judgment. What he did to promote the fame of champagne was to make better wine, both still and sparkling, than had been made before; he—in the words of Mr. Simon—"understood and introduced the art of cuvée making, the art of blending wines of different

*In the champagne district: picking time on the Lanson Estate*

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. THE KING

LANSON

CHAMPAGNE

*The Proudest Wine of France*

The House of Lanson owns hundreds of acres of vineyards in the finest Champagne country — on the slopes of the "Mountain" of Reims, between the "Mountain" and the Marne Valley.

Henri Lanson, who is eighty-two years of age, has participated in sixty-two vintages, and is as eager today to ensure that Champagne bearing his name is of the finest quality.

So, when you next buy a bottle of Lanson, remember that you have in front of you a wine with a proud tradition, something very delicate and fine which has needed unbelievable patience and skill to produce.

***Since 1743 members of the great House of Lanson have proudly upheld a fine tradition —and today LANSON is still spoken and thought of as the FIRST CHAMPAGNE OF FRANCE.***

We specially recommend 1926 Vintage and V.V. (Non-Vintage)

The first Champagne film, a pictorial record of the 1934 Vintage, is being shewn in London this week.

• A "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO WINES

# CHAMPAGNE

*Champagne in the course of manufacture: a scene showing the baskets of grapes with the apparatus for pressing them*

vineyards, as well as wines of different vintages, in such a way as to correct their individual shortcomings, improve their quality and render them more lasting."

THE art of putting the "beaded bubbles" into champagne was not mastered until after 1830. At first the bottling of sparkling wine was a risky business. Some cuvées failed to sparkle, whilst others had such an excess of mousse that bottles exploded and were a total loss. The experiments of a chemist, François, of Chalons-sur-Marne, published in 1836, determined scientifically the adjustment between the sugar undergoing secondary fermentation in bottle, tightly corked, and the carbonic acid gas thrown off in the process, and showed how to prevent the gas from bursting the bottle. That discovery, augmented by the subsequent labours of Maumené, Robinet and Salleron, and the manufacture of pressure-resisting bottles, enabled the trade in sparkling champagne to be placed upon a sound commercial basis.

THUS, about 1850, the importation of white and rosé sparkling wines in bottles, assumed considerable proportions. Then followed the golden age of champagne, from the consumer's point of view, the wine of some of the best years selling for no more than 5s. to 6s. a bottle. Considering the enhanced cost of production, the locked-up capital incidental to the seven or eight years' maturation, and the present rate of taxation, there is no profiteering in champagne prices to-day, outside some exclusive hotels and restaurants and night clubs. The life of champagne varies. At eight or nine years—in some cases much longer—it is at its best. When the years lengthen unduly the wine is hardly more than crémant. The vintage and non-vintage wines of the great champagne houses in the arrondissement of Reims, of Epernay and of Chalons are usually well worth the money expended on them.

BETWEEN the years 1850 and 1900, the perfect champagne was that which had a yellowish tint, a vinous bouquet, a sweetish taste, with comforting alcoholic strength. Of recent years there has been a battle royal—in England, at any rate—between the sweet and the dry champagne. It is largely a matter of taste. In making the wine, the original grape sugar is used up in the first fermentation, which converts the must, or juice of the grape, into wine. Then a little sugar—the liqueur de tirage—is added for the secondary fermentation in bottle. So far, so good; but why grumble about the introduction of half of one per cent. of sweetened old champagne wine and just a little choice cognac—the liqueur d'expédition—for the final article? Of course, if the sweetness be overdone it kills the subtlety of the wine, and is often used to conceal defects. The best sweet champagne is best enjoyed with sweets. The dry champagne, on the other hand, exhibits the finesse and beautiful bouquet of the wine; it does not pall on the palate; it is welcome as a morning drink, sharp and exhilarating; and it can be drunk throughout a meal with perfect balance and enjoyment.

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# PORT

ACCORDING to John Croft, S.A.S. (whatever that may be), member of the Factory at Oporto and wine merchant of York, who wrote (about 1788) a *Treatise on the Wines of Portugal*, it was customary, in the early days of good Queen Anne, "upon the meeting of two friends [in London] to invite one the other to the tavern to drink, or, in vulgar phrase, to crack a bottle of Claret, *dashed with Port*: this only to intimate the extreme scarcity of the latter and the plenty of the former." Since then, copious claret-drinking has gone out of fashion, and port has become, par excellence, "the Englishman's wine." How did this happen? It was mainly through the influence of international politics and tariffs—a duty of £7 per tun on Portuguese wines, and £55 per tun upon any wine coming from France.

The preference soon made the trading pioneers who dealt in the wines of the Minho (as the wines shipped from Vianna do Castello, thirty-six miles north of Oporto, were called in those days) sit up and take notice. The trade leaped up in bounds. The demand was greater than the supply. It sent Peter Bearsley and other English and Scottish prospectors from Vianna to the Douro region. They found the soil suitable for wine cultivation. Thus the Douro vineyards—the present home of port wine—were established. Alas! the Douro wines were not liked in England; they were harsh, hard and rasping; yet the Douro grapes were sweeter than the Minho grapes. Baffling situation! Applied science suggested a solution. It was realised that the excess of sugar in the grapes and the excessive heat produced fermentation which was much too rapid and much too thorough. The wine-makers had recourse to the addition of brandy to check fermentation. That partially solved the problem. They then began building up stocks of mature wines in their lodges; they pressed into service, if they did not actually evolve, the cylindrical bottle, in which wine could be conveniently binned for maturing purposes.

IT has been said that port wine is a made-up wine, a shipper's wine. Why bother to instruct the inexperienced? The only thing necessary is to go to one of the leading shippers and all will be well. That is, of course, partly true; but it is also true that some insight into the essential features of the wine—what is good and what is not—is most desirable. Port is not merely a blend of grape-juice and spirit. The brandy checks rapid fermentation, but does not kill it. As fermentation revives and proceeds more slowly, the wine "eats" up the added brandy and becomes a noble wine.

WHAT is Vintage Port? It is the wine of different vineyards made in any one year, the very best wine of a year when the vintage has been exceptionally fine, and set aside to mature *in the bottle*. Usually vintage wine is shipped two years after the vintage; rested for a while, and then bottled, and left to mature for a great number of years. Sometimes a vintage port is kept in cask for ten or fifteen years before it is bottled. This is known as "late bottled vintage port." It is lighter in colour and body than the early bottled vintage wine; but it will, says Mr. André Simon, develop a bouquet, which no tawny port will ever have.

TAWNY PORT is blend of the wines of several years, *matured in cask*. This blending business requires a vast amount of wine knowledge and varied experience. As can be easily understood, wines of different years brought together in a cask do not blend at once. They have to be handled adroitly; they take quite a long time to "marry"; and only those who know can determine when the time has arrived for bottling these wines. "Ruby" port, so named from [its colour, may be a late-bottled vintage port, or it may be, and usually is, a blend of wines of different vintages.

Both tawny port and ruby port are beautiful wines. They have not the body nor the bouquet of vintage wines, but, even connoisseurs admit, they possess a seductive delicacy.


CHOICE OLD PORTS

Fine Light Tawny Per Bottle 5/-
"Port in Perfection" Per Bottle 6/-
Rare Old Port Per Bottle 7/-
Vintage Character Per Bottle 7/-
"Fellowship" Magnificent Old Tawny Per Bottle 8/-
"Toastmaster" Superb Old Lodge Per Bottle 9/-

. . . choice of the greatest Connoisseurs of the world are these fine old Fonseca's Ports. Product of the finest vineyards of Portugal . . . carefully prepared . . . long matured in the wood . . . in fact wines of traditional perfection. Today the reputation of Fonseca's Ports stands supreme.

FONSECA'S PORTS

Look for this signature on every label. It is the Guarantee of Excellence.
Fonseca & Co
OPORTO
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The Ideal Liqueur for Entertaining

Always choose GRANT'S LIQUEURS—made by the famous house for Cherry Brandy—THOS. GRANT & SONS — over 150 years' reputation for wonderful quality.
CHERRY BRANDY, CRÊME de MENTHE, SLOE GIN, etc.

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy
Little Lady Liqueur
GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY

Matured for many many years in the wood

The best costs so very little extra. Pay yourself and your guests the compliment of giving them the best port . . . Clubland White. Ever since 1883 this full-flavoured, mellow white port has been the choice of connoisseurs the world over. It is made from the pick of Douro grapes and is matured for many years in the wood before bottling.

C.L.
CLUBLAND WHITE Port
FULLY BRANDED AND REGISTERED IN 1883 AND SHIPPED BY MESSRS. H. & C. NEWMAN OF VILLA NOVA DE GAIA, OPORTO.

• A "BYSTANDER" GUIDE TO WINES

# BRANDY

THERE are many brandies, but only one cognac: which implies a compliment—that, of all brandies, wherever distilled, cognac is best. And so it is. Cognac is a product of French wine, defined by a decree dated May 1st, 1909, as being "the natural product of wines gathered and distilled in a district of limited area." The district corresponds, in the main, to the geographical borders of Charente and Charente Maritime. The spirit takes its name from a small and interesting town, Cognac, the centre of the brandy country.

Divided into seven districts, the first and best is Grande or Fine Champagne; it lies between the River Charente and its southern tributary, the Né, and forms the very centre of Cognac. Next comes Petite Champagne, a semi-circular area south of Grande Champagne. In finesse and delicacy, the brandies of Petite Champagne are considered slightly—and only slightly—inferior to those of Grande Champagne.

ON the other bank of the Charente, north-west of Cognac, is the district known as the Borderies, the brandies of which rank next to the two Champagnes. Then follow, in order of merit, the Fins Bois, the Bons Bois, the Bois Ordinaires, and the Bois Communs. The first two cognac districts probably derive their Champagne designation from the similarity of that portion of the Charente soil, arid chalk, with the soil of Champagne, a soil largely responsible for the bouquet in the wine and in the brandy of both districts.

BRANDY, such a good friend to the human heart, stressed and enfeebled, and so good for the sufferings of "Little Mary," supplies an apt illustration of how big things often develop out of small beginnings. In the fourteenth century, English, Dutch, and Baltic merchants—sea rovers and adventurers on a grand scale—used to sail up the estuary of the River Charente for cargoes of Rochelle wines or the Vins de Saintonge and the Angoumois. The white wines of the Charente had, indeed, a delightful aroma, alleged by some writers to be like the fragrance of flowers, and they found a ready market both in England and Holland, whence they were transhipped to the Indies. The increasing trade induced the growers to extend their vineyards. All went well for a time. Then the trade slumped. Wines accumulated and became a source of embarrassment. It was found that the Charente wines travelled badly and soon lost their delectable qualities.

In these circumstances, M. Angier, a citizen of Cognac, hit upon the idea of distilling the wine so that its alcoholic essence might remain unimpaired after its sea voyages and travels. He thought that if a little water were added to the distillate, a substitute for the wine would be immediately provided. The art of wine distillation was discovered much earlier by the Spanish alchemists, Raymond Lulli and Armand de Villeneuve, but the efforts of M. Angier placed it upon a commercial basis. The Dutch called the distilled wine "Branntwein," or burnt wine, whence we derive our English word, "brandy."

ONCE distilled, the eau-de-vie is stored in casks and reaches its zenith after about sixty or seventy years, when it is removed to glass containers to preserve its strength and conserve its qualities. At first it was meant that brandy should only be consumed, as indicated, by the addition of a little water, to lower its alcoholic content and bring out the flavour and aroma of the wine. Then it became the fashion to dilute brandy with soda water—the "B.-and-S." of popular fame. If the brandy be young and vigorous, the flavour of the grape will come through the soda water; but it is a waste of good brandy to mix it with soda water, the delicate flavour and aroma of the older brandies being lost. The vogue of using Grande Champagne brandy as an after-dinner liqueur has ample justification, for there is no finer liqueur in the world.

THERE is a vast trade in brandies throughout the world, despite the popularity attained in recent years by Scotch and Irish whiskies. It is a mistaken idea among a large number of the public that brandy improves in bottle. It does nothing of the kind. The process of maturity only takes place in the cask. Some people are mystified by the stars and symbols which figure on brandy bottles. To the initiated they convey a definite meaning and valuable information. The year 1811, when a famous comet appeared in the heavens, was a very good vintage year. So the cognac distillers who made brandies from the wines of that year marked their bottles with a star, symbolic of excellence. The next best harvest obtained two, and so on. The stars have lost their original significance. The meaning to-day is this—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| One star | = roughly | 3 | years | old | brandy |
| Two stars | = „ | 4 | „ | „ | „ |
| Three stars | = „ | 5 | „ | „ | „ |

Rarer brandies are marked as follows—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| V.O. | means from | 10 | to 12 | years | old |
| V.S.O. | „ „ | 12 | „ 17 | „ | „ |
| V.S.O.P. | „ „ | 20 | „ 25 | „ | „ |
| V.V.S.O.P. | „ about | 40 | | „ | „ |
| Extra | „ „ | 70 | | „ | „ |

In other words, "V.O." stands for "Very old"; "V.S.O." for "Very superior old"; and "V.S.O.P." for "Very superior old pale." Mr. P. Morton Shand humorously suggests: "In buying cognac it is wiser to trust one's palate, or a reliable shipper, than any number of stars in the firmament."

SOUTH of the Gironde lies the old historic province of Armagnac, one of the ancient divisions of Gascony, now represented by the Department of the Gers. The brandy distilled there is known as Armagnac. Some connoisseurs regard it as a pleasant change from cognac. It is being increasingly used in London as a liqueur.

South African brandy has a high reputation and is exclusively used in some of the London county hospitals and in more than 400 hospitals in the United Kingdom. Cyprus also produces a brandy well known in London.

*The Brandy starts on its travels. A view of the Quay of Cognac, where the cases are shipped, to find their way all over the world*

GRAND MARNIER, LTD., 20, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1

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## ESCAPE!

Torquay provides a wonderful opportunity of avoiding the Autumn and Winter climate of the rest of these islands. A mere glance at the sunshine records of this most favoured of resorts is almost sufficient to give one a slight tan!

Incidentally, in addition to golf on the Championship Short Course in the grounds of the Palace Hotel, guests now have the further privilege of free golf on the beautifully situated 18-hole links of the Torbay Country Club.

There is everything to do at the Palace—from squash to talkies, and the terms are all-inclusive.

## PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

# Cars with a Personality

## *The 20-h.p. Morris-Oxford*

By The Earl of Cardigan

*The 20-h.p. Morris-Oxford is a large and comfortable car, but with graceful and well-balanced "lines." This saloon model has a sliding-roof, and is very fully equipped*

*The side-valve six-cylinder engine gives ample power, and is notable for its smoothness and quiet running. The tool kit is stored under the bonnet, where it is instantly accessible*

EVERYONE is familiar with the Morris-Oxford as a thoroughly sound motoring proposition; but it would be a great mistake to assume that, with the new 1935 model, this is the measure of its attractions. This 20-h.p. Morris, indeed (for the car recently loaned to me was fitted with the larger alternative engine), is possessed of an unusual number of good qualities, including a very thorough and efficient form of simplified transmission.

THE engine, which may be of 16- or 20-h.p. rating, is a six-cylinder side-valve unit, notable for its very smooth and quiet running. This has the effect of making the car very restful to drive; for it does its work easily, and one never gets the sensation that one is pushing it beyond its natural, comfortable pace.

The performance is distinctly good, and there is plenty of acceleration, even from quite low engine-speeds. A good 50 m.p.h. can be reached in third gear, while the top-gear maximum is not far short of 70 m.p.h. There is ample power for hill climbing; and I was able, for example, to tackle the Bath Road hill out of Marlborough very easily in top gear, with a minimum speed on the bend of 30 m.p.h.

THE transmission is of special interest, since it consists, in the first place, of a very simple gear-box. The latter gives synchro-mesh engagement for third and top gears, and is notably free from difficulty as regards the first and second ratios also.

As a further aid, however, a free-wheel is fitted. This renders all the gears totally crash-proof, and also, of course, enables the car to "coast" freely whenever the accelerator pedal is released. Use of the free-wheel is entirely optional. A control on the instrument board enables the driver either to utilise it or to "fix" it, according to his personal preference.

Finally, there is an automatic clutch-operating device, also optional. When this is in use, it is quite unnecessary to touch the clutch pedal, even for starting on a gradient. (I tested this latter point.) When the engine is accelerated, the clutch is smoothly engaged, to be withdrawn again whenever the engine slows down to its idling speed. By this combination of devices, simplified driving is secured in a three-fold manner.

*A very convenient feature is the provision of jacking points fore and aft. It is merely necessary to insert the head of the jack into the slot provided. All the usual groping about among oil and dust is eliminated*

*The seating is extremely comfortable, and the amount of body-space is generous. Note the central arm-rest, and also the suspended cushion in the corner forming a convenient head-rest*

MY road test was conducted in very unpleasant weather, so that I was able to study closely the car's road-holding qualities. The steering proved very definite, and there was no trace of any unsteadiness at speed. The springing seemed quite excellent, both for main-road running and also for rough work over ruts and pot-holes.

A free-wheeling car requires to be powerfully and smoothly braked; and in this respect also the Morris is well equipped. Its hydraulic brakes do their work most effectively, but without any fierceness. Moderate price—only £285 for the four-five-seater saloon—and comfortable, roomy coachwork are other factors which make the new Oxford distinctive. This 1935 edition enhances an already impressive reputation.

London finds no "quiet season" at Quaglino's for the excellence of the Cabarets, food and wine attract distinguished members of Society at all times of the year. In the delightful Cocktail Lounge Fred prepares his supreme aperitifs. He begins with Booth's, and every cocktail is blended in harmony with mood and season.

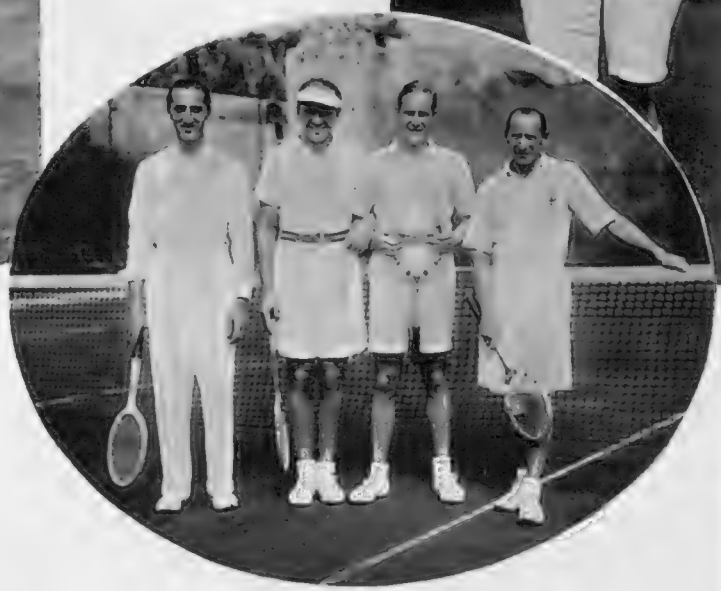
*Real Cocktails begin with*

# BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

*Ernest Whitcombe (Meyrick Park), winner of the Dunlop-Metropolitan Golf Tournament, at Walton Heath, who returned the best score of 283 over 72 holes, being congratulated by Sir George Beharrell, managing-director of Dunlop, on his victory*

*Right: W. J. Leather (Sedburgh and Clare), the new "Rugger" Captain of Cambridge University. As the side have twelve Old Blues in residence, his task in picking a fifteen should not be arduous*

*Below: lawn tennis at Capri. Messrs. Sertorio, Artens, Von Cramm, and Kleinschrodt, who were the semi-finalists in the Open Men's Doubles at the tournament held there recently*



# Sport with the Lid Off

## By "Mark Over"

By this time, of course, we all know just how Jean Borotra fared in his attempt to win our covered courts lawn tennis title for the eighth time. What a wonderful player is this effervescent Borotra; and, too, what a superb showman!

I looked in at Queen's Club to see Borotra play our own "Bunny" Austin in the match between the International Club and the French I.C., and I could not but help being struck by the obvious lesson which the duel gave to the lawn tennis authorities. With the match limited to three sets, both men went "all out," with no ca' canny tactics which one associates with five-set "marathon" affairs.

Borotra is no longer young—at least, in the sporting sense—but he was able to keep up a whirlwind attack in a clash which kept a big gallery on tip-toe. Had the pair been playing five sets, however, the Basque would undoubtedly have had to ease up; he would, as it were, have had to play for breath, with a consequent diminution in the intensity of the match.

I know that Austin is all in favour of three-set matches, whether in national championships or in the Davis Cup. As he has so consistently urged, the terrific strain of a big tournament such as Wimbledon, where a player who has a successful run in doubles and singles is engaged almost every day for a fortnight, is a crushing tax on skill. Austin is right; how often do we see skilful players eventually go out to less polished, but infinitely stronger opponents?

If I mention the name of Fred Perry alongside that last sentence, it is not that I regard the World's Champion as a bulldog type of player who wins tournaments by virtue of his strength and magnificent stamina. That, of course, is far from the case. Yet I do say that Perry owes much to his staying powers; and it is this factor, allied to his skill, that has taken him so triumphantly to victory here, and in America and Australia. I will say, too, that were Austin to possess the same qualities of endurance as his Davis Cup team-mate, then there would be little difference between the pair—if any.

And now to Rugby, with a thought on the toll taken by professionalism these days. Newport are the latest club to suffer, losing their hooker, W. Meek, to the Rugby League. A bad blow, this, for the Welsh club were going great guns, and until they visited the Rectory Field to meet Blackheath, had had an unbeaten record. I 'm not saying that the absence of Meek accounted for their defeat—Blackheath will beat better sides than Newport this campaign—but I do believe that they would have given a much better showing had they not lost the player to the professional code.

Still, there it is, the Rugby League is making a rich harvest in industrial Wales these days. It is a sign of the times, I suppose. All very well to be altruistic, but the plain fact is that many of these Welsh lads—and fine fellows they are, to be sure—are pretty desperately placed, with the slump in shipping, and the coal industry going to the dogs. So when a Rugby League agent comes along with the offer of a lump sum down and a good weekly wage, who can blame these boys for seizing their chance?

Unhappily, there 's no solution to the problem. So Welsh clubs will just go on discovering and developing fine players, only to see them snapped up by the Northern Union teams. It is hard on Wales—the Cinderella of both "Soccer" and Rugby, it seems—yet such is the spirit of the national clubs that, despite losing their star men, they still manage to keep in the top flight.

Much of Wales' success in producing players, I think, is due to the attention paid to youngsters in the schools. I hear now that there is also a scheme afoot to coach those lads who have left school but are not quite ready to take their places in big football.

A Welsh friend tells me that the idea is to discover some real foraging forwards, with plenty of bone, muscle—and brains. As we know to our cost, Wales is never hard pressed to find nippy little stand-off half-backs, and can generally find pretty reliable backs; but—dare I say?—the standard of forward play in recent years has not been all that it might be!

The new move, therefore, is to go out and about among the mining villages, looking for likely forwards. And then, when found, these players will be given expert coaching and advice. A sound scheme, this; one, indeed, which might well be copied by the other home Unions.

By the way, I noticed lately in a club "Rugger" game, how a very workmanlike little team contributed to its own defeat by paying far too much respect to an International in the opposing side. Apparently they had had a "tactical talk," and the result was that two of their best tacklers were told off to mark the England star. What was the result? Their opponents, shrewdly enough, kept the ball away from their International, and found gaps in a depleted defence, to score much as they pleased.

It all reminds me of a very good story told of E. C. Bambridge, the old England and Corinthian player. Bambridge had broken a leg not so many weeks before the Corinthians had an important Cup game. But there he was, out on the field on the day of the match, with an enormous white shin-guard—they wore 'em outside their stockings in those days—strapped on one leg.

In those times, hacking was the principal idea in tackling; and you can imagine how some of those lusty old-timers went for that white shin-guard. But the Corinthian went on, quite unruffled, to score the winning goal. After the match he explained it all: he 'd put the guard on his sound leg—that injured had been unprotected and untouched.

This mention of an old Corinthian brings me on to discuss the famous club's preparations for their re-entry into the

*H. D. B. Lorraine, the Oxford "Rugger" skipper and Scottish International. In this season's team he can call on several players who helped to defeat Cambridge last December*

*It's a Way They Have in the Navy*

*Teaching the young idea how to hit in the noble art of self-defence. The picture above shows an instructor hard at work at the Royal Naval School of Physical Training at Portsmouth*

F.A. Cup. Now reconciled to the thought that they will have to play through from the first round—before, the club was not called upon to compete until the big League sides joined in the competition—the Corinthians are going about their job of team-building in thorough fashion. I hear that there is every likelihood that they will be able to call upon members of the Oxford and Cambridge teams for this season's Cup quest. This is something new. Previously, the 'Varsity men did not assist outside clubs until they had staged their own little "war."

I don't know how far the amateurs are going in the matter, but there is also a definite move to find big and strong players for their Cup team. Too often in the past the Corinthians have looked a little frail beside their professional opponents; they have, in fact, often been out-weighted out of the Cup, as it were.

If they go through with this policy wholeheartedly they will only be returning to their early ideas. For wasn't it way back in the 'nineties that they had a team of "giants"? Record has it that they met the Army at the Oval and that one spectator was heard to remark: "I say, Bill, if there was to be a war, I 'd sooner have the Corinthians than the Army on my side!"

The odds against the Corinthians winning the Cup are phenomenal. But just how do the bookmakers regard the chances of the Arsenal now that they have so convincingly shown their superiority over Manchester City, who, you will recall, blazed their way to Wembley last season? Well, the Arsenal must be something like a 7 to 1 chance, and this in face of the fact that picking the Cup winners is as big a gamble as spotting the Derby winner with a pin!

THE Highbury classic the other day was noteworthy for yet another move in this tactical tangle of "Soccerdom." The "third-back" is still in fashion, as he is bound to be with the off-side rule remaining as it stands to-day; but now comes the use of a full-back in an attacking rôle. We saw Barkas, the Manchester City left back, going up field in a fifty yards' dribble on one occasion, while practically all through he was employed very much as an attacking wing-half.

Arsenal exploited much the same sort of methods through their International, Hapgood. Their centre-half, Roberts, not only had to play as a "third-back," but also went into the left-back position whenever Hapgood was careering up the field. All very revolutionary. And all looking so easy. But this new piece of stratagem is not for the any, but the top-class sides; cheap imitations will soon fail—and fail miserably.

*Below: a Rosslyn Park player jumping for the ball in a line-out in a match between that club and the London Scottish at Richmond, won by the latter by a single point*

# More Speed on the Air Routes

## By Charles Ward

*Ireland's hope in the Trophy Race, the result of which should be known to-day. The 'plane is an American "Bellanca," and the chief pilot, Colonel Fitzmaurice, who flew the Atlantic some years ago*

### *The MacRobertson Line*

THE attention of the whole world has been directed towards Australia during last week-end. These notes are written too soon to describe the start or to record the finish of the MacRobertson Trophy race, which, given good weather, may occut to-day. It is nearly fifteen years since Ross Smith, his brother, and two engineers, made the first flight from England to Australia, taking four weeks and two days for the journey. The second, successful flight, which took place in 1920, was made, by Parer and McIntosh with a D.H.9, and it is interesting to know that the former pilot is engaged in the present race, flying a Fairey "Fox" for the New Guinea Syndicate. The first solo-flight to Australia was made by the late Squadron-Leader Hinkler, in a Gipsy Avian, in 1928. He took sixteen days for the journey, a time which was reduced, by 1933, to six days eighteen hours, though not as a solo effort. In the reverse direction, the first successful flight was that made by Sir Alan Cobham, in 1926. He flew from Darwin, and landed by the Houses of Parliament, at Westminster, in twenty-seven days. By contrast, James Melrose, flying a Puss Moth, covered the same course, solo, at the end of last month, in eight days nine hours. The present race to Australia will demonstrate the need to speed-up the regular Imperial service, which is to commence in December, especially for the carriage of mails, and Sir MacPherson Robertson has really done more good for aviation in England than in Australia by sponsoring this great event.

### *The Viceroy's Challenge Trophy*

THE annual air-race for the Challenge Trophy presented by the Viceroy of India will take place on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th December, from Calcutta to Bombay, a course of nearly 1300 miles. The event is open to all pilots, but a special prize is awarded to the first "A" licensed pilot trained in India to pass the winning-post. Aircraft may be of any type registered within the Empire, provided that the horse-power is less than 400. It is hoped that some private owners from England will take part. Entry forms may be obtained from Fl.-Lt. G. V. Carey, Secretary of the Aero Club of India and Burma, or through the Royal Aero Club in London. The Maharaja of Patiala, who has been a private owner for some years, recently purchased one of the latest three-seater "Gulls," which was flown to India by Captain Muir, his chief pilot. Mr. Neville Vintcent is leaving for India next month, flying the new Avro four-engined monoplane to be used by the Viceroy for official tours.

### *Flying Club Notes*

AIR travellers in the South of France should avoid St. Raphael Aerodrome, which is an experimental station belonging to the French Air Force. Visiting pilots are not encouraged, and, in fact, two from Heston were escorted from the premises under armed guard quite recently. The Stewards of the Jockey Club have lifted the ban on flying in the vicinity of Newmarket. Messrs. Norman, Muntz and Dawbarn, acting on behalf of the Club, have prepared a landing-place on the Exercise Ground, to the north-east of Rowley Mile Stands. Permission to land must be obtained in advance from the Secretary of the Jockey Club at Newmarket. The annual race from Hatfield to Cardiff was won by Flight-Lieut. Duncanson, flying the Hendy "Hobo," now a veteran of the air. Mr. A. H. Cook, a member of the London Club, was second and made the fastest time of 165 m.p.h.; whilst Mr. Lipton, flying a Moth, was third. Lord Crichton-Stuart, owner of the "Hobo," acted as navigator for Miss Paddy Naismith, flying a B.2 Trainer. Some of the original Blackburn "Bluebirds" are still doing their stuff; one left Heston for Kano, Nigeria, early this month, carrying Mr. and Mrs. R. W. H. Knight, who are flying, via Algiers, due south across the Sahara.

### *At Heston*

INSTRUCTION on the latest direct-control Autogiro has been started at Heston, which is one of the four training centres equipped with this type. The other three are A.S.T. at Hamble, the Bristol and Wessex Club, and the Hanworth School. A very great measure of safety seems to be afforded by this machine, which is able to take off after a very short run, and will, quite literally, land on a tennis-court. Air-work has also bought one of the new "Commodores" to be used as a taxi de luxe. Colonel Shelmerdine, the Director of Civil Aviation, chartered it for the journey to Cranwell to attend the opening by the Prince of Wales of the new buildings. Another private charter company has taken space at Heston, known as Warden Aviation, which gets its name from Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, owned by Mr. R. O. Shuttleworth, a well-known private owner, and Mr. A. J. Edmunds, who is an electrical engineer, the holder of a "B" licence and ground engineer's tickets. The Company owns two Dessouters, two Comper "Swifts" for "fly yourself" service, and a Moth. Most of the maps for the Trophy Race have been prepared by Stanfords and the A.A. Every pound in weight saved was of value to competitors, and the A.A. managed to reduce the fourteen maps required for the Handicap from 18 lb. down to 6 lb. Competitors in the Speed contest have six maps only, one for each section of the route, covering a belt of country 320 miles wide. That for the Allahabad-Singapore section represents an area of 1,800,000 square miles, which gives some idea of the magnitude of the task before the pilots in keeping an accurate course.

*A striking view of two "Comets," the racing 'planes built by de Havillands for the MacRobertson Trophy contest. Inset is C. W. A. Scott, co-pilot with T. Campbell Black of the "Comet" entered by Grosvenor House, and tipped as a likely winner*

*Design for Dining*

Gleaming silver, old lace, the soft glow of candlelight . . . and drink as sparkling as the repartee to provide the perfect complement to perfect food and good company . . . Ginger Ale by

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

# In Praise of Foursomes at Golf: By F. G. L. Fairlie

We have reached the time of year when foursomes come upon us in all forms and descriptions. It is, to many, the best golfing season of all, for there may be found amongst us not merely very many who are loyal supporters of the old two-ball foursome, but plenty of others who are firm in their conviction that golf is at its very best in this particular form. I am inclined to agree with this latter view. There is no denying, of course, that it is great fun to knock one's own ball round the links, taking pleasure in the least number of strokes which it will take us to do it in: but all the same, a team game is usually far more amusing to play than an individual game, and there can be little doubt that foursomes are tremendously good for our golf. In support of this last contention, I have only to remind you of the experience of the Cambridge University team of one year just after the war. Cambridge were not expected to win: in that year Oxford owned a galaxy of embryo stars, some of whom had already established themselves in first-class golf. But there was a wise head on the Cambridge Captain's somewhat bulky form: the Cambridge lads were made to play foursome after foursome against good players, who willingly lent their time for the endeavour, and the result was that a Light Blue victory was duly registered against the more skilful Dark Blue players. The victory was deserved because of the conscientious way in which the training had been undertaken, although it was all against the form book.

*Miss P. Wade and G. C. Brooks, who beat Miss Wethered and R. H. Oppenheimer in the first round of the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon*

How often have I heard a player remark, after the autumnal orgy of foursomes is over, that he wished the Championship was due in the following week, because of the recent striking improvement of his game. Few, however, realise just to what this is due.

Come to think of it, it is perfectly possible for a good player with the necessary leisure to play nothing but competitive foursome golf for practically a fortnight. There are first the London Amateur Foursomes, an event run on team lines, where two players representing a London club form a foursome partnership. Concurrently, that great orgy of women's foursomes, organised each year so successfully for the Bystander by Miss Eleanor Helme, takes place at Ranelagh and at Roehampton. Then, in the following week (the week in which I am writing) the ladies and the men join forces and have their great meeting at Worplesdon, a meeting which I have frequently heard described as the most enjoyable golfing event of the year. I am myself of the opinion that this description very nearly fits: certainly I have enjoyed golf as much at Worplesdon as anywhere else in the world: perhaps a great deal of this was due to the unfailing good humour of my partner, who helped me, on occasions, through a surprising number of rounds. But now she has a new partner of a more consistent type, and I hope John Beck and his wife are winning even as I write.

To revert to the London Amateur Foursomes for a moment: this event was this year won for Sunningdale by

(Continued on page iv)

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER
MAJESTY THE QUEEN

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BY

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(Oct. 5 issue)

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Tyres: 4.75 × 18 in. on bolt-on wire wheels.

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|---|---|---|---|
| 19.8 to 1 | — | — | — |
| 11.0 to 1 | 7 sec. | — | — |
| 7.45 to 1 | 9 sec. | 10 sec. | 13⅜ sec. |
| 4.88 to 1 | 13⅜ sec. | 14⅗ sec. | 17⅕ sec. |

Timed speed over ¼ mile—69.77 m.p.h.
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Weight: 24 cwt. 2 qr.
Price with saloon body, £278.

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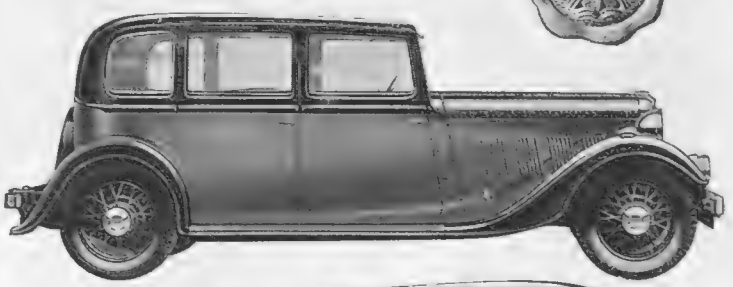
Rover 12 Saloon £278



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## In Praise of Foursomes at Golf

*(Continued from page ii)*

N. C. Selway and K. A. S. Morrice, and I am told that they thoroughly deserved their victory. Selway is a vastly improved golfer in recent months, and Morrice has long shown a great aptitude for foursome play. They combined well, and both should be a great strength to the Sunningdale team for many years to come. Congratulations!

And, while on the subject of congratulations, why not give a hand for *our* Miss Eleanor Helme? Thank the heavens above that *I* have nothing to do with women's golf: as you all know, Miss Helme looks after all that for BYSTANDER readers. But she also looks after our autumn handicap foursomes, and every year, both at Ranelagh and Roehampton, everything goes off without a hitch. The credit is very largely, if not entirely, due to Miss Helme, and she is much too modest to imply that fact on her own page. I feel that all who competed at Ranelagh and Roehampton would like me to offer her their thanks and congratulations.

*Miss I. Rieben and Eric Martin Smith, competitors in the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon. On the right is J. H. Hind, the Secretary to the Club*

OF Worplesdon it is impossible for me to write, for the first day's play is not yet over. We are again to see Miss Wethered in action; and, of course, since the event is a private one, and run more or less by invitation solely by the Worplesdon Golf Club, that Club is entitled to accept the entries of any individuals whom they may care to invite. All the same, there are some who are surprised at Miss Wethered's presence in an otherwise amateur event, and there are some who do not consider that the joy of watching Miss Wethered's peerless strokes warrants her playing in what is considered, by custom, to be an amateur event. Miss Wilson is another case in point. The presence of these two distinguished ladies, their entries duly accepted by Worplesdon, means that there could be no objection to a lady of unquestioned amateur status entering and playing with John Henry Taylor, if that distinguished elderly gentleman could be persuaded to compete.

SOME people get all hot and bothered over this question, and go so far as to write to me. Why? I am delighted that Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson are playing. And I should be delighted to see certain distinguished male professionals invited as well. It seems to me that the people who are writing to me on this subject are actuated more by some peculiar form of snobbery than by anything else. For some extraordinary reason they almost imply that Miss Wethered is a very different person, now that she is a professional, from what she was as an amateur. It is quite unnecessary for me to point out that Joyce Wethered is as charming as ever.

But I do say one thing: why discriminate? Surely the event is either one thing or another—Amateur or Open?

Kathleen attends the Robot

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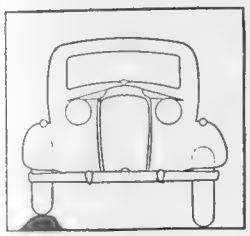

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## THE THEATRE

### Plays

As You Desire Me.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

Clive of India.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Dear Brutus.—Richard Goolden as Lob, Vernon Sylvaine as Dearth, Barbara Couper as Mrs. Dearth in a revival of Barrie's play: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Eden End.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine: Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Family Affairs.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

The Immortal Garden.—A fantasy by H. C. G. Stevens, with Mary Casson, C. V. France, Minnie Rayner, and Polly Emery: Whitehall, 8.30.

Libel!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

Living Dangerously.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; George Relph as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Maitlands.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Moonlight is Silver.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Richard II.—A fine performance of the play, with Maurice Evans as Richard and Abraham Sofaer faultless as Bolingbroke: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Shining Hour.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Touch Wood.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Wind and the Rain.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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Blackbirds of 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm, and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg-Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

By Appointment.—A light operetta about George IV. (Charles Mayhew); Maggie Teyte makes a come-back as Mrs. Fitzherbert: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Hi-Diddle-Diddle!—June, John Tilley, and Douglas Byng all at their best in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Lucky Break.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Merrie England.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 50.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

Sporting Love.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Streamline.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Yes, Madam?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

### Mirth and Mystery

Admirals All.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Hyde Park Corner.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Murder in Mayfair.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Queer Cargo.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Ten-Minute Alibi.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### First Nights

Theatre Royal.—The new Furber-Kaufmann play, with Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, Margaret Vines, Laurence Olivier, W. Grahame Brown: Lyric, to-night.

C.I.D.—A crime play by the Rev. W. Haslam, with Olga Lindo as heroine: Playhouse, to-night.

Line Engaged.—Another crime play, with Louise Hampton, Jessica Tandy, Sam Livesey, and Lewis Casson: Duke of York's, October 24th.

Lover's Leap.—A play by Philip Johnson, with Owen Nares as an Egyptologist, Nora Swinburne as his wife, Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd: Vaudeville, October 25th.

Royal Baggage.—H. T. Wood's play about Charles II.; Harold Warrender as the King: Little.

## CINEMAS

The Barretts of Wimpole Street.—Charles Laughton as Mr. Barrett, Norma Shearer as Elizabeth Barrett, Fredric March as Browning, in a well-worth-seeing film: Empire.

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.—Ronald Colman, debonair as ever, and Loretta Young: London Pavilion.

Crime Without Passion.—The brilliant Claude Rains film is to be shown for one week; Whitney Bourne and Margo are also in it: Curzon.

Evensong.—Evelyn Laye's outstanding performance as the prima donna who grows old. Biblical Palestine.—Lord Lee of Fareham's film, with his own running commentary: Marble Arch Pavilion.

Jew Süss.—A great film superbly acted; Conrad Veidt as the Jew, Gerald du Maurier, Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Vosper, Benita Hume: Tivoli.

Nell Gwyn.—Anna Neagle as Nell and Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II. in another and excellent historical film: Leicester Square.

Les Miserables.—Harry Baur and Marthe Mellot are in the French film version of Victor Hugo's classic; a fine production: Academy.

My Old Dutch.—Gordon Harker and Betty Balfour in an English low-life comedy: Capitol.

One Night of Love.—Another and excellent singing love-tale with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

20 Million Sweethearts.—A song, dance, and laugh show on the big scale, with Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, and the Four Mills Brothers: Regal.

The Unfinished Symphony.—An English version of the famous Continental film: New Gallery.

You Belong to Me.—With Lee Tracey and Helen Mack: Plaza.

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The Marriage of Figaro: October 27th, 2.30.

Carmen: October 27th, 8.

(*Continued on page* E)

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# What's On

*(Continued from page B)*

## MUSIC

### Orchestral

B.B.C.—Beecham conducts Delius's "Mass of Life," with the Philharmonic Choir, Stiles-Allen, Olga Haley, Francis Russell, Hermann Nissen: Queen's Hall, October 24th, 8.30.

Whinyates Quartet.—A classical Beethoven-Mozart-Charles Wood programme: Wigmore Hall, October 25th, 8.30.

B.B.C. Chamber Concert.—The New English Singers and the Pro Arte Quartet: Broadcasting House, October 26th, 8.15.

### Recitals

Lotte Lehmann.—Lieder recital: Queen's Hall, October 23rd, 8.15.

Stanislav Frydberg.—Violin recital: Æolian Hall, October 25th, 8.15.

Schnabel.—First Sonata recital: Queen's Hall, October 27th, 3.

Yehudi Menuhin.—His programme includes Mozart's D major Concerto, Bach's "Chaconne," Lalo's "Symphony Espagnole": Albert Hall, October 28th, 3.

Arthur Rubinstein.—Stravinsky's "Petrouschka" is on the programme; with Bach, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt: Queen's Hall, October 29th, 8.30.

Arthur Fear.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, October 29th, 8.30.

## SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

Home Arts and Industries Jubilee Exhibition: Albert Hall, from October 29th.

Orchids Show: Horticultural Hall, October 23rd-24th.

Royal Institute of Oil Painters: Royal Institute Galleries.

Contemporary Industries Design: Dorland Hall.

## DANCING AND DINING

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Walsh and Barker sing some songs; Louis Simmonds and his band play: extension night, Friday.

Café de Paris.—The Yacht Club Boys are back in London, and are they popular? Jack Harris is here, and is he popular?: extension night, Wednesday.

Café de la Paix.—Dare Lea's band, and José Norman and his Cubans; Ronald Frankau appears at midnight.

Carlton.—Special cabaret and dance band every Tuesday (extension); dancing other nights to Tapponier's band.

Dorchester.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight: extension night, Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: extension night, Thursday.

Oddenino's.—In the restaurant one can dine and dance; in the Bavarian brasserie one can eat and drink Continental fashion.

Quaglino's.—Lolita Benavente does her Spanish dances; Van Straten and his band play: extension night, Thursday.

Silver Grill, Ashford Road, Maidstone.—A good place to dine on the Folkestone road; really excellent food, including caviare and oysters, and service.

Theatre Restaurant.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

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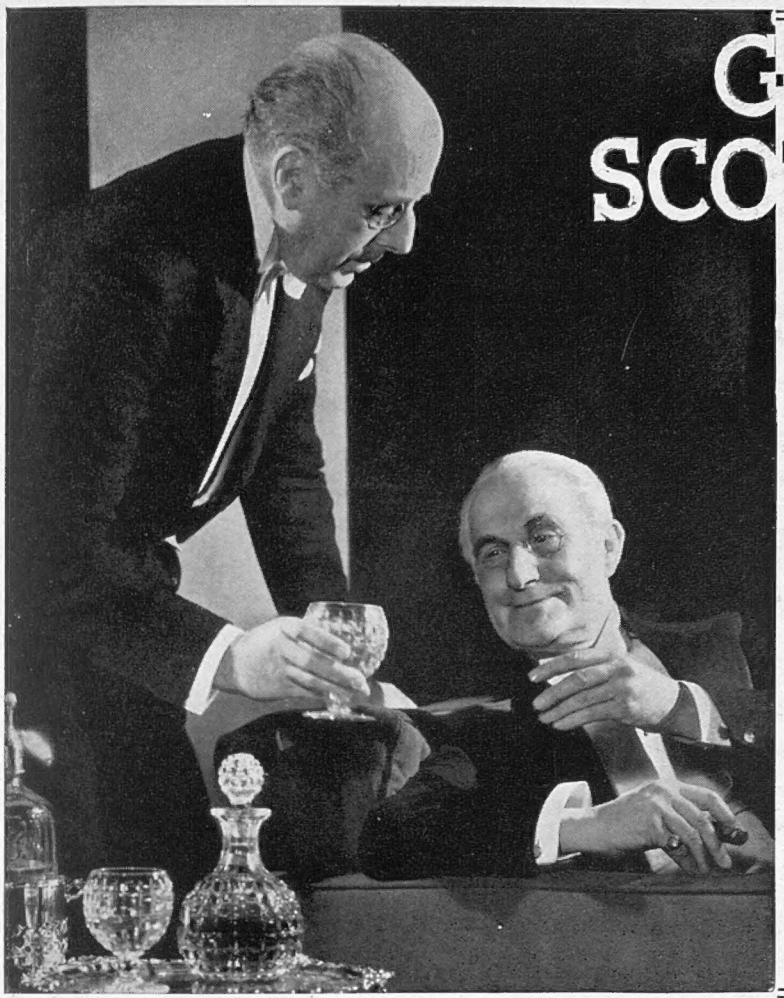

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